



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

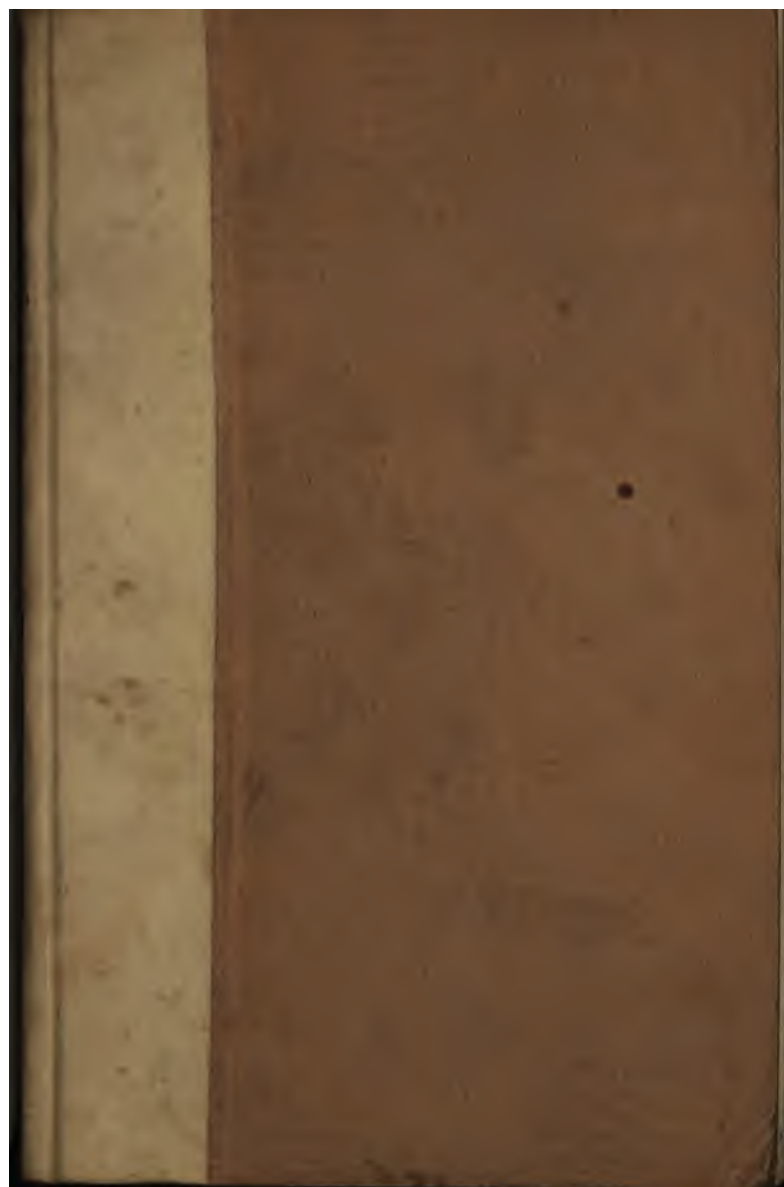
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

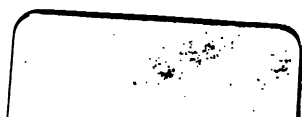
We also ask that you:

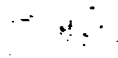
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









A RUN TO ITALY.

BY

REV. ROBERT HOOD,

EVANGELICAL UNION CHURCH, BRIDGETON.

GLASGOW :

Printed at the University Press,

BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE, WEST NILE STREET.

1882.

1

2

3

4

5

A RUN TO ITALY.

BY

REV. ROBERT HOOD,

EVANGELICAL UNION CHURCH, BRIDGETON.



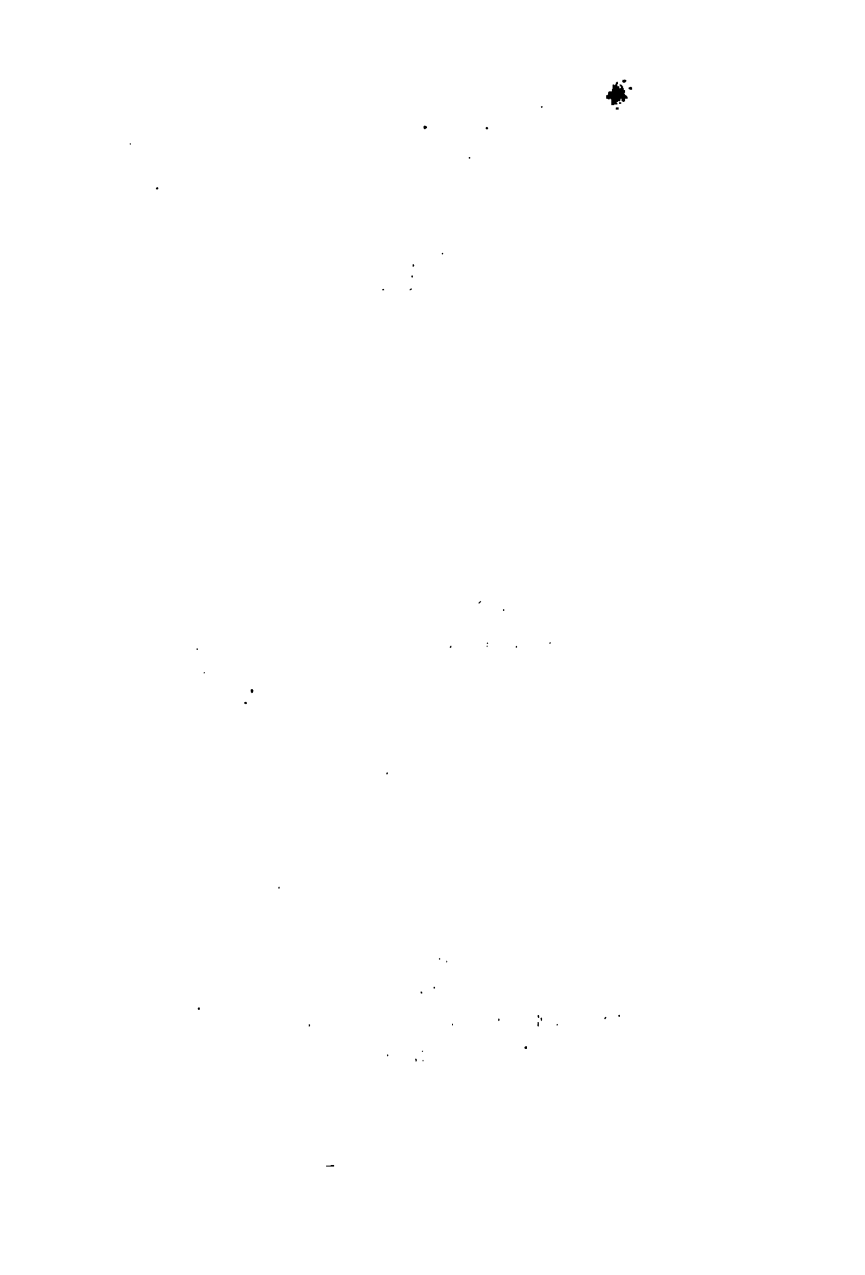
GLASGOW :

Printed at the University Press,

BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE, WEST NILE STREET.

1882.

20506. - 2 .



A RUN TO ITALY.

IN these days of hurry and worry it is of great advantage to get the opportunity of a little mental relaxation and physical recreation. There is a limit to the bending of every bow, and if that limit be approached with rashness the consequences cannot but be disastrous. Lots of work and a little play may help to make Jack a bright and useful boy. The work of a pastor in the city is acknowledged by all to be no sinecure. If, in addition to his own pulpit preparations and ministrations, his own church meetings and pastoral visitations, he is expected to take a share in denominational work, to speak at soirees, to give lectures, address temperance and other meetings—it is not to be wondered at that such persons, even in holy and holy day work, long for a holiday.

In March last we called a meeting of our deacons and managers, and expressed our wishes. Cordially they said, "Go!" We never go away for two or three weeks without consulting our office-bearers—indeed, the pleasure of the holiday would be greatly marred did we not only secure their hearty consent, but also their kind promise to stand loyally by and do their best to make up for the minister's absence. We have proved the worth and wisdom of the plan in our own experience. In our absence the many wheels in the church's machinery have revolved splendidly. On returning we found good cause for expressing our personal gratitude to the office-bearers for their fidelity, and to all the congregation for their forbearance.

GLASGOW TO BRIGHTON.

On Monday, 27th March, 1882, we left the city of our habitation per Caledonian Railway for London. The morning was showery, but the day turned out to be one of bright sunshine. Our fellow-passengers were rather reticent, but perfectly courteous. Many of the places we passed suggested various meditations. Ecclefechan and its graveyard reminded us of Thomas Carlyle; Kirtlebridge, of a fearful railway accident; Gretna, of the blacksmith who soldered human beings together as well as iron; Carlisle, of a noble band of Evangelical Unionists; Kendal, of an interesting chapter in the history of our denomination; Lancaster, of the successful career of our brother, the Rev. Adam Scott; Preston, of a patriarchal abstainer, Joseph Livesey; Wigan, of the closing years of the late Rev. John Geddes, at one time the pastor of the E.U. Church in Barrhead; and Rugby, of the distinguished Dr. Arnold, and his winning ways with his pupils.

After a rapid run of 400 miles, we reach Euston about eight o'clock. We steer through the bustling crowd at the station, and wend our way to Shirley's Temperance Hotel in Queen's Square. Having sent a card beforehand, we found our rooms in readiness and comfort. Next day we visited the British Museum, saw the autographs of Milton, Shakespeare, Nelson, Handel, Jenny Lind, Dickens, and a host of others; examined numerous old coins and manuscripts; explored the capacious halls filled with curiosities from Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, and Greece; and visited, by special permission, the grand reading-room with the massive dome. Called at 96 Great Russell Street, and had a pleasant chat on college days with the Rev. John Dunlop, now the editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*. Called at Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate Circus, for the purpose of getting some French and Italian money, and there met Mr. Smith, who was the genial conductor of our Palestine party as far as Brindisi two years ago. Looked into St. Paul's Cathedral for a little, and heard part of an excellent sermon by one of the learned Canons. Surprised to meet an old Glasgow official on London Bridge.

Started from London Bridge Station at 2.50 p.m. for Brighton. When driving through one of the long tunnels we shuddered at the thought of Lefroy and his murderous deed a few months ago. The ride of 50 miles to Brighton is a charming one—the scenery is picturesque. Brighton itself is charming. The pretty beach, the long sea wall, the monster hotels, the elegant houses, the chain pier, the fantastical pavilion, and the famous aquarium, are worth seeing. We had a refreshing tea in the house of a brother of a member of our congregation. He and his lady accompanied us on a stroll through the principal streets in the cool of the evening.

DIEPPE, ROUEN AND PARIS.

We left Brighton at 8.30 for Newhaven, and there embarked on board the new and spacious steamer, "Victoria." By 11 o'clock we were past the light-house, and beginning to realise that we would have what the sailors call "a nasty sea." A good number of the passengers were helplessly sick. About 3 o'clock in the morning we could descry, through rain and spray, the lights on the French coast. In one hour more we landed at Dieppe. As the passengers, with their ghastly appearance, walked slowly round the long counters where their luggage was examined by the Custom House officials, we could judge of the harrowing experiences of a channel passage in a choppy sea. 30 minutes, however, spent in the lavatories and the buffet (the refreshment room) make a wonderful transformation. At 4.55 the train started. It is now daylight, and we feast our eyes as we dash along on the fertile farms, the beautiful orchards and gardens, the plantations with the trees planted in military order, the rustics jogging along to their work, the windmills on gentle eminences, and the quiet villages with some solitary lums reeking.

The distance between Dieppe and Paris is 125 miles, and of the sixteen stations we only stopped at three. The principal one was Rouen. Travellers have a capital view of that populous city, with its forest of chimney stalks, its grand boulevards, and its stately cathedral. Here lies the heart of Richard Cœur de

Lion, and here was burned—to the disgrace of her superstitious judges—that extraordinary heroine, Joan of Arc. In the same carriage were a few zealous Frenchmen in the uniform of the Salvation Army. They were returning from a great demonstration in London. They were lavish in burdening us with their literature both in English and French. On reaching Paris we walked to the Madeleine Church and there got 'bus to the Bastille, where many a bloody scene has been witnessed in Revolution times. It is a drive of 35 minutes, and the sights on the right and left of us were interesting and sometimes amusing. Then we walked to the Hotel Jules Cæsar, in the Avenue Ledru-Rollin. The only English they could speak here was "yea" and "nay." During our stay in Paris we had several pleasant drives, and also a sail on the Seine in a smart little steamer. We visited the garden of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées—the finest promenade in Europe, the monster Arch of Triumph—the work of Napoleon I., the Institute de France, the Town Hall, the Louvre with its thousands of paintings, Notre Dame Cathedral on an island in the river, the Palace Royal, and the Place de la Concorde—a gorgeous square.

In the Champs Elysées, and on some of the bridges, there was a constant stream of carriages, cabs (above 12,000 in the city), 'buses, carts, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and children's carriages drawn by goats. On the river we saw many huge barges—some used for bathing purposes, others as washing-houses. On some buildings we saw the words, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." On one colossal structure we read the words, "Hotel Dieu"; this is an hospital to which the poor and the sick of all creeds and nations are admitted. Such an institution glorifies that God who is no respecter of persons. No one on the streets seemed to be discontented—all appeared to be good-natured. Men and women, even the aged, trip along with a graceful ease that strikes a stranger.

The population of Paris is over 2,000,000. The value of land is increasing enormously. Two-thirds of the people are lodged for something like 1s. 9d. per head per week. Soldiers and priests are seen almost in every street. We saw a large tenement of houses being

erected under the glare of the electric light; one company of masons and carpenters on the day, and another on the night shift. We saw no open drunkenness, but, alas, this and other vices abound behind the whitened walls. The Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Wesleyans, have each their respective sanctuaries. There are some excellent Protestant missions, chief among which is the M'Call Mission, and some of the workers report numerous conversions to Jesus. The Lord bless these heralds of salvation.

THROUGH FRANCE AND OVER THE ALPS.

On the afternoon of our departure from Paris we went to the station 65 minutes before the time, and found the platform crowded with "pilgrims" (as the Italian newspapers called us) to Rome. We were provided with a small bill headed with "Marche du train special." From it we could learn the time of arrival and departure at the various stations between Paris and the Papal city. This handy bill was of great value to us. Only second class tickets were issued for this special Easter train. As the journey to Turin was to occupy 27 hours, we were naturally anxious to select a compartment where we might have companions likely—*prima facie*—to be agreeable. We were most fortunate. There were seven in our compartment. With their backs to the engine sat a polished Irish gentleman belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, and a gentleman and his lady from a town in Suffolk. With their faces to the engine sat an Italian gentleman in business in London (a descendant of Sir Isaac Newton), a gentleman from a town in Yorkshire, and my daughter and I. Fresh warming pans were put into each compartment every three hours. We did not belong to any tourist party. We had independent tickets. There were, however, in the same train personally-conducted parties under the auspices of Cook, Caygill, and Lubin. Some like to go in these parties, but we prefer to travel by ourselves, and so make all our own arrangements for sight-seeing.

The journey, though long, was not wearisome. The ever-changing scenery, the stoppages at various stations,

and the pleasant remarks and humorous contributions of the different nationalities—Italian, French, German, English, Irish, Scotch, and American, kept us always cheery. Then during the night we went into the land of Nod as best we could. At breakfast, dinner, and supper time the train stopped generally for 30 minutes, and it was positively laughable to see the rush to the buffets and witness the speed with which the tables, groaning with good things, were cleared. Some bought a little at every buffet on the way! No one lost his equilibrium. Nearly all the porters at the stations were dressed in blue cotton garments, and were most polite and obliging. The higher officials at the principal stations looked handsome, and a few walked up and down the platform with a pompous and dignified manner, as if they were the monarchs of the world.

After Culoz, which is only 41 miles from Geneva, the railway, now a single line, began to ascend. We were higher up at Aix-les-Bains, and higher still at Chambéry, and still higher at Modane. This being the frontier town we had all to leave our carriages and pass round before the Custom House officers. They were not very particular this time. We may state that we saw no horses in this district. The farmers seemed to have only oxen to work with in the fields. We saw a few mules and a few donkeys. At Modane we had to put our watches forward about an hour. After leaving the frontier town we ascended higher and higher till, in a few minutes, we entered Mont Cenis Tunnel. This gigantic work began in 1861 and was finished in 1870. It cost 75,000,000 francs. It is eight miles long. The northern entrance is 3,802 feet above the sea, the southern 4,163, and the centre is 4,245, then the summit of the mountain is fully 4,000 feet higher still. The train ascends to the middle of the tunnel slowly, and then dashes down at a great speed. Near the Italian end there are a few apertures, and by means of these we get flash after flash till we bound into the bright glare of sunny Italy.

ALPINE REGIONS.

The Alps cover 90,000 square miles, and the highest

peaks are Monte Rosa, 15,151 feet, and Mont Blanc, 15,744. The scenery in the valleys and round by the lakes at the bases of the mountains is exquisitely grand. Numerous passes cross the Alps, some of which have been constructed at enormous cost. Only the other day the greatest tunnel in the world—the great St. Gothard—has been completed. It is one and a quarter miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable achievements of modern engineering.

In the year 218 B.C., Hannibal, with his Carthaginian army, crossed the Alps. Livy, the Roman historian, in the 21st book of his history, gives a graphic description of that wonderful feat. He tells how the elephants were driven through the narrow gorges, how the hostile mountaineers rolled down huge stones upon the soldiers, and how they reached the summit through many pathless ways and wanderings (*per invia pleraque et errores*). He tells how Hannibal, from the high eminence, showed his brave followers Italy, and the plains along the Po, and how they had now surmounted the ramparts not only of Italy, but also of the city of Rome (*mœnia non modo Italiæ sed etiam urbis Romæ*). Since the days of Hannibal many a general has led his army over the Alps, and many a bloody battle has been fought between opposing hosts in the extensive plains below.

After we emerged from Mont Cenis Tunnel we were in a new land. Though there is a double line of rails in the tunnel, there is only a single line to Turin. In these upper regions we gazed on the beautiful snow high above us, we surveyed the little villages nestled in the valleys, and we watched the industrious labourers on the steep slopes terraced with vines. Frequently our gazing and watching were suddenly suspended, as tunnel after tunnel was entered. Sometimes we would just be in the act of calling the attention of a fellow-traveller to a splendid sight, when, lo, we were in darkness, and by the time we emerged into light again, the splendid sight was far behind us! Of the fifteen stations between Modane and Turin we stopped at four. At one station, bread in long straws was bought by some of the tourists, and was eaten with curious delight.

THE PIOUS WALDENSES.

Before leaving these Alpine valleys we must say a word about the Waldenses. These pious Christians have had many a gallant struggle in order to maintain their independence, and keep the lamp of truth burning. Often have they been persecuted by the Roman Catholics. In the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, they went through an ordeal of fearful sufferings. Thousands above thousands of men, women, and children, were massacred, not a few were burned alive. In 1655 Charles Emmanuel II. made himself infamous by fresh persecution against them. Fiendish atrocities were committed, and more especially by the French and Irish mercenaries. Pastor Leger, himself a contemporary, says, "My hand trembles so that I scarce can hold the pen, and my tears mingle in torrents with my ink while I write the deeds of these children of darkness—blackier even than the prince of darkness himself."

The Protestants in England were horror-struck when they heard of how these guileless people were being oppressed. Cromwell, then Protector, proclaimed a national fast, and ordered a collection for the sufferers. Cromwell's secretary at that time was the noble John Milton, and from his pen came these stirring words :—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
Forget not ; in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sown
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these might grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

The Waldensian Church has been greatly reduced in number. At present they have but few congregations in the valleys. There are many thrilling narratives of

their brave endurance under galling oppressions. One story we must here tell. A few centuries ago a troop of soldiers were seen marching up towards a Waldensian village. At the time the fathers and sons were far up the hill sides above the village attending to their vines. The mothers and daughters promptly turned out, and having armed themselves as best they could they rushed down the valley and courageously charged their enemies as they were coming up a narrow defile. The women were victorious. When the men returned in the evening from their toil, the startling events of the day were rehearsed to them, and to show their high appreciation of what had been accomplished they decided to allow, at communion times, the females to take their places at the Lord's table first. It is said that this custom is observed in that village church to the present day.

TURIN TO GENOA.

It was half-past four in the afternoon when the train drew up within the precincts of the commodious station at Turin. All of us were glad to be liberated from the long imprisonment of the railway carriage. There were 'buses in waiting from the hotels in the city, so that within a few minutes all the weary, dust-covered passengers were soon in comfortable quarters. A few of us, without waiting for the 'bus, walked along the *Via Roma* a short distance to the Hotel d'Angleterre where we stayed overnight. Turin was a Roman colony upwards of 2,000 years ago. It has had an eventful history—frequently has it been taken and sacked. It was the capital of Piedmont during the 14th century, and the capital of Italy till 1865, when Rome became the metropolitan city. The population is 214,000. It is a square city, with almost all the streets running at right angles to each other. We did not visit the chief places of interest in and around the city till we were on our homeward journey.

Next morning at 6.45 we started for Genoa. We were now in Italian carriages. The weather was all that could be desired; indeed we may say that the weather was most propitious during the whole time of our sojourn in Italy. The vine and the mulberry tree were seen everywhere. Judging from the appearance

of the grain crops we would infer that harvest time is four to six weeks ahead of England. Our Italian companion told us that the farmers and the proprietors have an equal share in the profits; the former only give their labour, and the latter provide house accommodation and pay all taxes. The farmers are prosperous and contented, and seldom is one turned out. Often did we see apparently the whole family on the field, the father holding the plough, the mother leading the oxen, and the little ones playing about.

After traversing a very mountainous district we stopped at Asti for five minutes. The walls of the town are somewhat dilapidated. Most of the houses have red tiles on the roof. Here there is a considerable trade in wine, silk, leather, and agricultural produce. Shortly after 9 o'clock we reached the marshy district in which the town of Alessandria is situated. It got its name from Pope Alexander III. The population is 57,000. The citadel is strongly fortified. We were in this junction town for a little while on the 25th Feb., 1880, as we journeyed on to Palestine by Bologna, Brindisi, Corfu, and Egypt. Shortly after leaving Alessandria, we pass the battlefield of Marengo, where Napoleon beat the Austrians in 1800. The battle lasted twelve hours. Then followed ravines, mountains, valleys, tunnels, and groves of chestnut trees in rapid succession. Here

"Sweeps the road o'er beetling cliff,
O'er herbless mountains rent, as if
Their peaks in primal uproar wild
Had broken been, then rudely piled,
And now show scars and fissures dire,
The wreck of dead volcano's fire."

RAMBLES IN GENOA.

Genoa, whose history is deeply interesting, is finely situated on the shores of the Mediterranean. Its position in the bay reminded us of Naples, its various mules, bearing their burdens, each with a string of bells round their neck, reminded us of Damascus, and its orange and lemon groves reminded us of Joppa. In the *narrow* streets you heard the constant tingle-tangle

of the bells, and the pattering of the mules' feet on the causeway. Genoa is renowned for its magnificent marble palaces, now transformed into hotels or business establishments. The population is 134,000. It is the chief commercial city in Italy. The climate is exceedingly mild the whole year round. Little smoke is seen, as the most of the citizens burn charcoal. Even smokers did not seem to be numerous. Some of the houses are about as high as the highest in Edinburgh. There are many handsome shops, and vast numbers of ladies were clothed in elegant garments. The children in their games seemed to be full of mirth.

On leaving the station the first object to arrest our attention was the statue of Columbus, a splendid monument in white marble, adorned with relievos representing incidents from the life of Columbus, and five figures of Religion, Wisdom, Geography, Strength, and of America at the feet of her discoverer. This distinguished navigator was born in Genoa in 1442. We visited the cathedral. It was founded in 1100. It is beautifully inlaid with black and white marbles. In the market-place scores of women were selling palm leaves, plaited into all sorts of ornaments, for use on Palm Sunday. We also visited, among other places, the Palazzo Brignole Sale with its red facade, the Palazzo del Municipio with its interesting frescoes and the fiddle of Paganini, the Jesuit Church with its profuse decorations, and the capacious harbour with its noise and bustle. We had a drive in the suburbs of the city, and had a good view of the ramparts and the lighthouse. We saw a wonderful lady who was born without arms. With her feet she could knit, embroider, write, and play the piano! We had the pleasure of witnessing a truly gorgeous sunset. Had our arrangements permitted we could easily have taken a trip by rail along the romantic shore to Mentone, and perhaps have had a sight of Queen Victoria, who was at that very time staying there for the benefit of her health. Long live our gracious Queen.

After leaving Genoa we went by rail to Florence, the fairest city in the world. Most of the journey was along the borders of the Mediterranean. We passed Spezia with its fine harbour, and the Carrara Marble

Quarries. This white marble derives its value to the sculptor from its texture and purity.

ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE.

On reaching Florence we drove through the beautiful streets to the Hotel de Russie, situated close to the yellow Arno. Having written to this hotel before we left home, we found rooms reserved for us. Other travellers who did not thus pre-engage their rooms experienced a good deal of trouble before they secured accommodation in other hotels. The citizens of Florence are courteous, shrewd, cleanly, thrifty, and industrious. A considerable trade is carried on in jewellery, silk and mosaics. On many shops we read the sign, "Studio di Scultura." Like Glasgow, the larger portion of the city lies on the northern side of the river, which is spanned by six bridges. There are a few theatres, and as might be expected, there is a circle of the population gay and dissolute. One of the days we were there the sun was oppressive. It was an immense relief to take the shady side of the streets, or get into the cool interior of some building.

HISTORY OF FLORENCE.

The city became famous in the time of Charlemagne. In the 11th century the Florentines were enterprising merchants. The animosity between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines led to a bloody war in the 13th century. The former party clung to the Pope, the latter to the empire. Here also 600 years ago the gold *florin* (so called from the name of the city) was first coined. Here, 500 years ago, 100,000 perished by a fearful plague. The aristocrats and the democrats in Florence often fought for the supremacy. The people earnestly cried and bravely contended for liberty. The Medici family figure prominently about this time. In 1530 the republic of Florence came to an end. Not a few religious reformers have lived and laboured here, even before Luther or Knox, and two or three of them have suffered martyrdom. Florence was the capital of *Tuscany*, until 1859, when it became part of the Italian *monarchy*. It may be interesting to mention, as showing how fascinating and instructive is the history of

Florence and other Italian cities to that distinguished statesman, the Right Hon. John Bright, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, that he has just intimated to the students his intention to give a prize of twenty-five guineas for the best essay "On the Influence of the Italian Republics on the Civilization of Europe."

The most celebrated of the reformers was Jerome Savonarola. He turned up in Florence as a great preacher in 1482. He denounced in no measured terms the vices and crimes of his age. Most of his themes were taken from the visions of the Apocalypse. He advocated a high Christian spirituality. The cry of heresy was raised against him. He treated with contempt the order of the Pope to appear before him, and he was accordingly excommunicated in 1497. He refused to be bound by the Pope's censure. Sad to tell, on 23rd May, 1498, he, at the age of 45, and two of his companions were executed in the Palazzo Vecchio, and their bodies burned. His ashes were thrown over the Ponte Vecchio into the Arno. His last words were, "The Lord has suffered as much for me."

"Dark, dark

Has been thy history. How little dreams
The traveller of to-day, who sees the glass,
Thy sunny charms within the Arno's breast,
How oft they've reddened with thy children's blood."

Florence can boast of being the birthplace of the greatest Italian poet. He was born in 1265. He lost his father when young, but he had a noble mother. He was a patriot as well as a poet, and fought in the triumphant battle with the Aretines at Campaldino in 1289. Dante had no respect for the authority of the Pope. He was banished from Florence in 1301. His house was given up to plunder, and he was sentenced in his absence to be burnt alive. He remained in banishment for 20 years, and died at Ravenna in 1321. Fifty years after his death the Florentines repented of their treatment of the illustrious poet, and set apart an annual sum for public lectures to explain the *Divine Comedy*, his grandest piece, to the people. To-day in front of one of the churches there is to be seen a splendid white marble monument, inaugurated in 1865,

which is inlaid with marbles, and which, because of its monuments to renowned men, may be looked upon as the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Its marble pulpit is of one piece. In the Refectory the sittings of the Inquisition were once held. Then there is the Santa Annunziata, founded in 1250, in which are preserved a great many gold and silver hearts. The altars are dazzling with grandeur. Near the railway station stands the Santa Maria Novella, with a fine marble facade. The peculiarity of the interior of this church being the unequal distance between the pillars, which follow closer together, and the arches above which become smaller towards the high altar—which has the effect of increasing the perspective.

ITS FAMOUS GALLERIES.

Months, even years, might be profitably spent in the galleries of Florence. We had only a few hours available for their exploration and examination, and hence our account must of necessity be fragmentary. The entrance to the Uffizi Gallery is the Portico degli Uffizi, close by the Palazzo Vecchio, where there is a lofty tower with a great bell. It is the richest in the world except Madrid. We were told that the applications on the part of artists to get the liberty of copying the paintings or sculptures, with which it abounds, are so numerous, that they have to wait patiently for upwards of seven years before their turn comes! Near to the entrance there is a room where we saw a large number of copies of some of the celebrated masters, and these were selling at various prices. We now climb the 125 steps in the massive staircase. In a small hall called the *Tribuna* are crowded originals of painting and sculpture of incalculable worth. Next follow the works of Tuscan, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, German, and French and Venetian schools. We were specially interested in the Bible scenes—Abraham offering Isaac—The Finding of Moses—Jesus in the Midst of the Doctors—Jesus in Gethsemane, and an angel drawing near with a cross and a cup—St. Mark, with a quill pen in his hand—St. John in the Island of Patmos, and many others. We saw portraits, busts, coins, gems, and mosaics, in endless variety. From the Uffizi

Gallery there is a long passage, hung with tapestry, right over the river to the Pitti Palace and Galleries, with its collection of 70,000 rare volumes and 1500 manuscripts. The other objects of interest in Florence are the National Museum, with old war implements and old dresses; the Loggia de' Lanzi, a noble arcade with magnificent groups of sculpture; the Cascine Park, with its long alleys and stately trees, the prettiest promenade in Italy; the New Market, lately finished by an English company; a commodious Jewish Synagogue, and Michael Angelo's house.

A DRIVE TO THE SUBURBS OF THE CITY.

Four of us had a carriage drive to Monte Alle Croce, from which hill we had a most enchanting view of the city and environs of Florence. The clearness of the atmosphere in Italy sets off the landscape with great effect. Round and round we could see villages, and villas, and palaces in picturesque positions. To the west we could see the meanderings of the Arno, in its course to Pisa and the sea; far to the north we could see the windings of the railway by lofty aqueducts to Pistoia, where pistols were invented, and Pracchia on the way to Bologna and Venice; and far to the east we could see the Appenines, towering with their wild snowy crags up into the blue of heaven. We said, "Take in, take in, take in! and never forget this enrapturing view."

"If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!"

On the hill we visited the Church of St. Miniato, built in 1013. The interior is specially interesting, having been restored by allowing wealthy families to purchase the right of burial inside the church—which ingenious plan has raised a fund for the restoration. The ceiling is of glazed terra-cotta. The preservation of this church is due to Michael Angelo, who is said to have caused it to be covered with bags of sand to protect it from the invader. In the graveyard close by we spent a few profitable minutes. We could see how tears have flowed because of the deaths of little child-

ren. Truly, "One touch of nature makes the whole world akin." On one stone we read the words *A mia figlia*, "To my daughter." On another grave we saw two statues in white marble—one represents a sister beckoning heavenward, the other represents a younger sister tumbling her little chair, dropping her pretty doll, and hastening on to meet her sister in the happy home above! Few can look at this without having the eye moistened.

FLORENCE TO ROME.

The special train for Rome left in the forenoon at 10 o'clock. It was a lovely day. There are 36 stations on the way, but we stopped only at the chief places. The distance is close on 200 miles. Thanks to Garibaldi (who died on 2nd June) and other patriots, Italy is now one great kingdom. After passing the frontier town at the base of the Alps, you have no more Custom House officials to face though you journey to the far south of the peninsula, and even into Sicily. A few years ago travellers had to endure the ordeal of being searched in crossing the boundary line of every petty state. On leaving Florence, the railway makes a long detour round the northern and eastern sides of the city. By and by the towers of the city vanish from our eyes, and we begin to think of the mighty intellectual influence of the Italian Athens on succeeding generations. The people here, as elsewhere throughout the Continent, stand greatly in need of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The power of the priesthood is waning.

At 12.40 we reach Arezzo. *Arretium* was one of the most powerful of the twelve cities of ancient Etruria. Here Mæcenas, the patron of the Roman poets Virgil and Horace, was born. Here Guido Aretino (1000 A.D.), the inventor of our present system of musical notation, was born. We see heights bare and rugged and valleys richly cultivated. We see corn, rice, mulberries, and specially the vine. We watch the shadows of the clouds moving along the landscape. At 1.45 we skirt the Lago Trasimeno. It is 30 miles in circumference, and to-day shows a rich peacock green caused by the reflection of light. We see herds of black pigs and flocks of wild fowl around its shores. Here

Hannibal conquered the Romans in 217 B.C.; 16,000 Roman soldiers were either killed or drowned in the lake. At Chiusi station men and boys were anxious to sell ancient curiosities. At 4 o'clock we stop at Orvieto, a place to which Popes have fled for refuge. From this to Rome the muddy Tiber keeps company with us to the right. The scenery was exquisite; we were reminded of some of our Scottish glens.

“—Waterfalls

And forests; sound and silence; mountains bare,
That leap up peak by peak, and catch the falls.
Of purple and silver mist, to rend and share
With one another at electric calls
Of life in the sunbeams.”

At Passo di Corase our tickets—Paris to Rome—are lifted by most polite officials. We pass Monte Rotondo, a town which was stormed by Garibaldi on 26th October, 1867. On the left we get a view of the Sabine and Alban mountains. We follow the ancient *Via Salaria*. At 7.30 we reach the eternal city. We crush through the crowd, and cross over to the Hotel Continental, and find everything ready and in much comfort.

At nine o'clock in the evening of our arrival in Rome the moon began to ascend the clear blue sky. Many little parties were formed for a drive to the Colosseum. We got connected with one of these parties, and away we drove at a rapid rate down, down from the high part of the city, where our hotel was located, to where Rome's oldest and grandest monuments stand. While we dash along the narrow streets between lofty houses, let us epitomise the

HISTORY OF ROME.

According to the myth the city was founded by Romulus 753 B.C. Romulus is by some supposed to have had but a mythical existence. It is said that he and his brother—twin-infants—were put into a cradle, and allowed to float down the Anio into the Tiber. At the time the Tiber was in high flood, and the cradle was stranded at the foot of the Palatine hill. The infants were preserved, and afterwards fed in a wonder

ful manner by a wolf. On this hill the first houses were built, and Romulus became king of the people that gathered around. A succession of kings reigned in Rome, and afterwards a succession of consuls. These consuls exercised the same powers, both civil and military, as the kings. They were originally chosen from the patricians exclusively. By and by one might be a patrician and the other a plebeian ; and there are cases on record where both were chosen from the plebs. The consuls continued to be the chief magistrates of the Roman republic till a few years before Christ. During these 700 years many great wars were waged, chief of which were the Punic, the Macedonian, and the Mithridatic wars. The dominions of Rome were by this time co-extensive with the civilised world. They stretched from Mesopotamia to the lowlands of Scotland, and from the burning sands of Africa to the cold regions of Scandinavia. The soldiers in the Roman Legions were thoroughly disciplined. Her war ships were masters of the sea. The population of the city of Rome itself was above one million.

In B.C. 29 Octavian Augustus founded the Roman empire, and after reigning 44 years, bequeathed it to Tiberius in A.D. 14. Then came, one after the other, the following emperors :—Caligula, Claudius Cæsar, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan (98 A.D.) Nine others reigned in the second century, twenty-eight reigned in the third century, fourteen reigned in the fourth century, in which period the greatest revolution in Roman history took place—namely, the establishment of religion by the State in the reign of Constantine the Great—and twelve reigned in the fifth century. The last emperor was Romulus Augustulus. He was dethroned by Odoacer, the king of the Eruli, in 476 A.D. Thus came to an end the great Roman empire, which for a long series of years wielded tremendous power among many nations in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The haughtiness, the dishonesty, and licentiousness of the rulers and the ruled in the end brought about their own ruin and disgrace. As men and nations sow, so shall they reap. God will not be mocked.

Contemporaneously with the emperors in Rome—

except the first two or three—the Popes exercised sway in their own manner. The Roman Catholics furnish a long list of Popes, beginning with Peter (?), Linus, Anacletus, and ending with Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and Leo XIII. (elected 1878). Since 476 A.D. Rome has had many vicissitudes. The historian brings before us the ravages of Goths, Saracens, and Normans. He tells us of the exploits of the great Napoleon, and last, but not least, of the heroic deeds of Garibaldi. Rome is now the capital of Italy, and almost daily King Umberto, the son of the late Victor Emmanuel, may be seen in the streets or in the parks of the seven-hilled metropolis.

THE COLOSSEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

When we reached the entrance to the Colosseum, we found a large number of carriages drawn up, clearly indicating that the visitors were exceedingly numerous. This stupendous amphitheatre was begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus A.D. ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem. History tells of 12,000 captive Jews being employed in its erection. It was inaugurated by an immense butchery, which lasted over a hundred days, and in which 10,000 captives and 500 wild animals were slaughtered in holiday sport. 87,000 spectators could be accommodated on its myriads of benches. It is shaped like an egg. It is the largest building we were ever in. Its exterior circumference is 1828 feet. Its pile of arches is 165 feet high. The area in which the games and combats were performed is 288 feet by 183 feet. This space was sometimes flooded with water, and naval battles were fought to amuse the people. Usually it was the scene of combats between criminals and wild beasts. Many a noble Christian has passed through an awful ordeal of suffering here—torn to pieces and devoured by lions and tigers.

We made our way to the centre of the arena, and here we stood for a long time. We pictured to ourselves the horrible scenes of by-gone days. We thought of the noble army of martyrs—how valiant they must have been, what fervent prayers must have gone up to heaven, and how they must have been cheered by the

promises of God ! We thought of the pious and venerable Ignatius, the first martyr, a disciple of John, and companion of Polycarp, sent from Antioch all the way to Rome. We imagine we hear his little speech :—"Romans who are present, know that I have not been brought here for any crime, but for the glory of God, for the love of whom I have been made prisoner. I am as the grain of the field : I must be ground by the teeth of the lions that I may become fit for my Lord's table." His speech moves not the sin-hardened witnesses crowded tier above tier. The lions are let loose from their subterranean dens. But look upward and see the martyr at the foot of the great white throne, and listen to the words of Jesus—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We were much impressed by our sights and reflections, on that bright moonlight night. Some of the other visitors who were there, and with whom we had a little conversation, seemed also profoundly impressed. Strange to say, this huge building, though crowded with 90,000 persons, could be emptied in ten minutes, so admirable were the arrangements in regard to passages, stairs, and doors. Though only one-third of the gigantic structure remains, the value of the materials still existing is equal to half-a-million sterling.

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

"As it now stands, the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand ; half-grey and half-green ; erect on one side and fallen on the other ; with consecrated ground in its bosom ; inhabited by a beadsman ; visited by every caste, for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees—all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray." For nearly 500 years it was Rome's most attractive place of amusement. Scores of green lizards are seen creeping up its lofty walls and through its many arches.

*"I stood within the Colosseum wall,
Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches*

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin."

One night a few years ago Gavazzi, the patriot and evangelist, preached here to 30,000 persons.

OTHER MOONLIGHT EXPLORATIONS.

We next drove in a western direction. To the left we see the Triumphal Arch of Constantine the Great, erected to commemorate his victory over Maxentius. Constantine died in 337 A.D. To the right is the old Temple of Peace, with three colossal arches. Now we pass under the Arch of Titus. How interesting to the student of the Bible is this venerable marble arch! It was erected about the year 70 to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem. It bears the following inscription:—*"Senatus Populusque Romanus Divo Tito Divi Vespasiani F. Vespasiano Augusto."* On the inside of the left pedestal of the arch we see sculptured on the stone a number of figures. These figures take us in thought to Jerusalem; they take us in thought to the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies in the gorgeous temple that stood 2000 years ago on Mount Moriah. Look closely, and you will see a group of sculptured figures, representing men carrying the golden candlestick with its seven branches, the golden table with the shew-bread, and the silver trumpets on bars of wood covered with gold. Look closely, and you will see sculptured on the stones Titus in a car, drawn by four horses abreast, crowned by victory, and followed by soldiers, citizens, and senators. The triumphal procession is preceded by the Jewish captives and the precious spoils of the victors. How vividly is life 1810 years ago brought before us, and how the whole goes to confirm our belief in the genuineness of the Bible! What a striking commentary these images give us on the 25th chapter of Exodus:—"And thou shalt make a candlestick of pure gold, . . . and six branches shall come out of the sides of it, three branches of the candlestick out of the one side, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side."

Our carriage now skirts the wall of the Palace of the Cæsars. The ruins here are immense, and well-fitted to give one an idea of the pomp and grandeur of the

epoch when the Cæsars were in the zenith of their glory, when Paul had many saints in "Cæsar's household" (Philippians iv. 22), and when his "bonds in Christ were manifest in all the palace, and in all other places" (Philippians i. 12). After passing the entrance gate to the palace, we have the Roman Forum to the right. This was the place of general resort for the citizens in the olden times. We see the shadows—caused by the moon—of dilapidated walls and broken pillars. We see the New Rostra, where Roman orators used to address the populace, and close to this was situated the Golden Milestone, from which was calculated the distance of all the principal cities of the world. We see the Rostra Julia, from which Mark Antony delivered his celebrated oration. We see the ruins of not a few temples. We see the ancient pavement of the Forum at places 40 feet below the present level of the ground. Excavations are still going on.

We pass the Capitol, so full of historic interest, and the magnificent triumphal arch erected by Septimius Severus to commemorate his conquests in the East. On our way back to the hotel we passed round the Forum of Trajan. Recent excavations here have resulted in the discovery of many interesting things. In the middle of the Forum stands the Column of Trajan, 147 feet in height. The pillar is composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble. On the column there are nearly 2500 sculptured human figures, besides animals, &c. These bas-reliefs are two feet high at the bottom, and gradually increase in size as they go upwards, thus making the figures at the top and bottom seem of equal size. The top was once surmounted by a statue of Trajan, now replaced by one (11 feet in height) of the apostle Peter. Very few individuals seemed to be out on the streets after 10 p.m.

CROSSING THE TIBER.

We stayed five nights in Rome, two at first, and then three after our return from Naples. Accordingly on *the morning* after our moonlight explorations we set out for the gorgeous and stupendous church of St. Peter. We reserve, however, our notes on that church till Easter Sabbath, when we were, for a brief space,

within its walls. We went by 'bus from the hotel to the Piazza di Spagna (Square of Spain), from which we had a long walk to St. Peter's. We crossed the Tiber by the Aelian Bridge, or Bridge of St. Angelo—the finest in the city—on which are two splendid statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and ten large figures of angels. It was erected by Hadrian about 130 A.D. Here there is a constant stream of carriages, carts, and human beings in various garbs. The "tawny" river here is about fourteen miles from the sea, is sixty-five yards broad, and twenty feet deep. We looked over into the quick flowing stream, and thought of the wonderful events that had taken place on its banks during the last twenty-five centuries. It is but a very little river compared with the Nile, or the Ganges, or the St. Lawrence, but because of its historical associations, it can hold its head as high, if not higher, than all the rivers in the world. When crossing the bridge, you have right before you, on a commanding position, the castle of St. Angelo, on the summit of which stands the figure of the Archangel Michael. The figure was placed there by Boniface IV., in commemoration of the fact that while praying for the cessation of the Great Plague, he beheld the archangel sheathing his sword over the city. In a few minutes we reach

THE VATICAN PALACE.

The first thing to arrest our attention was the Swiss Guards in their harlequin garments, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, who has had a hand in everything in Italy. These peculiar looking soldiers are the Pope's body guard. They challenged us on entering, but a few looks and gestures made the road clear. We pioneered our way to the office of the Pope's secretary, where, showing our passport, we were at once supplied with two orders—one for the picture galleries, and another for the museum of antiquities. Each permisso is available for five persons. The presentation of a franc to the official causes his face to shine with true Italian brightness. *There are—it is said—thousands of apartments in the palace.* We visited the Sistine Chapel, which contains

the celebrated frescoes of Angelo. The most remarkable is that on the ceiling, illustrative of the early chapters of Genesis down to the time of Noah. Some of the human figures are hideous-like. Here also we saw that painter's masterpiece—the Last Judgment, 60 feet by 20. It was designed when he was sixty years of age. An amusing incident is told of a gentleman who remonstrated with Angelo about some figures on the canvas. The painter had his revenge. What did he do? He painted a life-like portrait of the gentleman in a boat, with a diabolical oarsman pulling him down to the place of perdition, where a number of expectant demons are awaiting his arrival!! The story does not tell how enraged the gentleman must have been. Perhaps he would be more careful with his critical remarks in the future. We sat down on one of the pews, and for a few minutes feasted our eyes on the marvellous paintings on the walls and on the ceiling. When *Il Padre Santo*, the monarch of the millions of Roman Catholics in the world, does perform mass himself, it is always in this little chapel.

Ascending to higher rooms we visited the Loggia of Raphael. Here are a number of frescoes relating chiefly to Bible subjects. There is one—the Divinity in the midst of chaos; there is another, the last and greatest of the immortal master—The Transfiguration. Oh, how suggestive! The Loggia has during the present century been glazed to preserve the paintings from being obliterated. We visited a few other chambers. We saw a good many artists busy copying. A long line of Popes have been extravagant in embellishing these numerous rooms.

Before leaving the palace we may say a little about the dress of Rome's chief ecclesiastical dignitary, when he gives an audience. Of course we did not trouble ourselves to seek an audience. He is attired in a long vesture of snow-white flannel, buttoned together in front, with a large crimson velvet cape over his shoulders, and band and tassels of silver cloth hanging from beneath. A small white skull-cap covers the crown of his head. When ladies are introduced to him they require to appear in black veils. There are generally present on such occasions clusters of priests of different

ranks, dressed in a variety of splendid costumes, white, crimson and ermine, and some monks with their picturesque beards, and flowing dresses of grey or brown.

THE VATICAN MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

The Vatican Palace is on the right hand side of St. Peter's. On leaving it you require to come out into the square, and go away round by the left hand side to the back of St. Peter's. We passed the stables and had a sight of the Pope's gaudy state carriage. What a contrast between the Saviour riding into Jerusalem, and the so-called successor of Peter driving through the streets of Rome in this highly decorated vehicle! We present our permissio, and pass into the Museum. What capacious halls, all filled with the most interesting curiosities! Every thing is clean and in the best of order. There is the Lapidaria Corridor with its 3000 inscriptions, pagan and Christian, built into the wall. What a host of fragmentary statues, each one telling its own tale! Here is the *Museo Clementino* with its eleven different divisions—viz, the Belvideres, Galleries of Animals, Statuary, Busts, Mosaics, Candelabra, Etruscan Antiquities, the famous "Tapestry" of Raphael, the Egyptian Museum with lots of mummies, and the Library, which contains nearly 100,000 volumes, of which about 24,000 are old manuscripts. In this library is the Codex Vaticanus, a manuscript of the Bible supposed to have been written about 350 A.D. The manuscripts are kept in closets placed in the walls.

THE GRAND SQUARE OF ST. PETER'S.

After leaving the museum behind St. Peter's we came round to the square in front. What is that standing in the middle? It is an Egyptian obelisk. It is one solid piece of granite weighing nearly 500 tons, towering 130 feet high. The inscriptions state that it was dedicated by Caligula to Augustus and to Tiberius. There is a story about how it was raised up into its present position. An immense number of men were employed. There were no hydraulic jacks in 1586. The ropes were like to give way owing to the enormous strain put on them. The workmen and the spectators were in a state of dreadful consternation.

One humble labourer shouted, "Damp the ropes." The order was promptly obeyed, and the obelisk was soon hoisted into its place. Happy the churches and happy the nations who have thoughtful men ready to suggest a plan, whereby difficulties may be overcome and disasters avoided. On each side of the obelisk are two large and beautiful fountains ever playing in the air from which the waters fall in sheets round the basins, 48 feet in circumference, of porphyry that receive them. Then stretching to the right and to the left are two wings or galleries, 360 feet long and 24 broad. The distance between the semi-circular wings of the square is 750 feet. These covered colonnades have 176 statues of saints and popes, each 9 feet high.

THE GHETTO, OR JEWISH QUARTER.

Leaving the square already referred to, we drove to the Palazzo di Venezia, passing through some of the streets in the Jewish Quarter. We are glad to know that the descendants of Abraham are no more cruelly treated in Rome. Woes and tortures in former times did not force them to forego the faith of their fathers. They stood firm for the ancient worship of Jehovah, a perpetual monument to the truth of sacred Scripture. In Rome they are no longer shut up within the walls and gates of the Ghetto. Since 1849 the gates have been removed, and since 1870 they enjoy equal privileges with all other Roman citizens. But notwithstanding their liberty to go where they will, they cling to their old quarter, crowding its narrow and dirty streets.

The principal streets are *via Rua* and *via Fiumara*. On each side are shops with open fronts and arched tops from which depend cast-off garments and other second-hand articles. A few provision shops are interspersed, but to the honour of the Hebrews be it said, *scarcely a drinking shop is to be found!!* In former days everything for sale here was hidden from sight. They were forbidden to learn any trade but that of a cobbler, and they dared not sell anything but what was *of inferior manufacture*. Their Sabbath, which begins *on Friday evening*, is kept rigorously. In the Jewish *Forum* a house is pointed out, where the ambassadors

sent from Judea to Rome in ancient times were located. Judas Maccabæus seems to have sent the first ambassador to solicit help against the Greeks, 160 years before the birth of Christ.

In the Apocrypha, first book of Maccabees, chapter viii., we read:—"Judas chose Eupolemus the son of John, the son of Accos, and Jason the son of Eleazar, and sent them to Rome, to make a league of amity and confederacy with them, and to entreat them that they would take the yoke from them, for they saw that the kingdom of the Grecians did oppress Israel with servitude. They went therefore to Rome, which was a very great journey, and came into the senate, where they spoke and said, 'Judas Maccabæus with his brethren, and the people of the Jews, have sent us unto you, to make a confederacy and peace with you, and that we might be registered your confederates and friends.' So that matter pleased the Romans well." The ambassadors took back to Jerusalem a letter written "in tables of brass," wishing "good success to the people of the Jews, by sea and by land for ever."

The name Ghetto is probably derived from the Hebrew word "ghat," which may mean cut off, cast off, abandoned. The synagogues are five in number, but all under one roof. They represent five different shades of belief. There are large Jewish schools for boys and girls. We do trust that the dawn of a happier day is already breaking on the children of Abraham, the "Friend of God."

CABS IN ROME.

We might state a few facts about these useful vehicles here. They are upon the whole comfortable and the drivers seem an intelligent and extremely obliging class of men. The fares are reasonable. For a drive of any length within the city walls, the charge is about 8d. in our money; the cabman, however, gets 2d. more as a personal perquisite. When more than two persons are in the party, or when the drive is outside the walls, special arrangements require to be made.

While in Rome our party always consisted of four—an English gentleman and his lady and my daughter and I. All the cabs are mostly open, but in the event of

a shower, a monster umbrella is placed over you. On some routes buses and cars are to be found, and the fares are also reasonable. In our rambles we used less or more—as most convenient and expeditious—the whole three modes of conveyance. We never saw and never heard of a single case of overcharge. Good for Rome!

AN OLD PRISON.

After reaching the Palazzo di Venezia, so called from a palace which was built here in 1468, and which belonged to the Venetian Republic, we walked to the Mamertine prison, at the foot of the Capitoline hill. We provided ourselves with a lighted candle and followed a monk. We descended to a dismal room—it is 21 feet long, 20 wide, and 16 in height. It is said Paul was imprisoned here. Stones are beneath, above, and around you! Some say that Peter was also in chains here. The monk without a blush shows an impression of the face of Peter on the wall!!! Then there is a dungeon down below this one. Paul would need a good rug in this cold damp atmosphere. Perhaps in this very cell he penned these pathetic words to Timothy:—"Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me. . . . The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee." (2 Tim. iv. 9 and 13.) While the bloody Nero was enjoying the unhallowed pleasures in the palace of the Cæsars close by, the apostle of the Gentiles could write in this dark hole—"I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. . . . Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen." (Phil. iv. 12, 13, and 20.)

We next walked along the very same road on which we were driven on the night previous. We now saw by daylight the Roman Forum, the three triumphal arches, and the monster Colosseum. From the latter place we hastened home to our hotel, perfectly satisfied *with our day's sightseeing.*

ABOUT HOTELS.

How does the tourist get along in the hotels? We may answer the question by telling our experience in the Hotel Continental in Rome? What we say about this one may be said about most of the others. Some, however, are not nearly so grand nor so large as the Continental. There is a lift by means of which the toil of climbing the stairs may be avoided. An obliging attendant is constantly on duty at the foot of the hoist. In the large entrance hall there is another official in attendance. He can speak English. He sells postage stamps, delivers letters to the guests, and is ready to answer inquiries. In his little apartment you see bells which are connected with every room. Suppose a lady in room No. 14 wishes the attendance of the servant on her flat, she touches the electric bell, which rings in the porter's room until stopped by him. The porter then rings the bell which sounds in the servants' room, and she immediately puts her ear to the speaking trumpet and the porter informs her that she is wanted in No. 14. In the entrance hall there is a post-office box, the letters of which are taken away by the post-office messengers several times a day. In the same hall there are notices as to the Sabbath services in the various Protestant churches in the city, notices in regard to places of amusement, and a thin sheet of paper containing the morning telegrams of importance from Paris, London, and other places. Breakfast is supplied at any hour in a gorgeous dining-room, which will be about 60 feet long, 40 wide, and 30 high. The bell rings for dinner at 6.30, and it is generally 7.30 before the last course is reached. Some nights there would be nearly 200 present. A band of male waiters attended. The head waiter can speak English. The noise of the conversation of ladies and gentlemen from various lands and of different tongues, was like a second edition of Babel. After dinner some repair to the smoke-room. Once we strolled into it by mistake but speedily retraced our steps. Some go to the reading-room where they consult the chief London and Paris newspapers, write letters, compare notes, or draw out plans for next day's explorations. Others go to

the luxuriantly furnished drawing-room, where every part of the furniture is in gilt, and the upholstery is crimson velvet. Here there is both vocal and instrumental music contributed by the visitors, perhaps for a couple of hours. By ten o'clock the majority have retired to their bed-rooms. This sort of experience is repeated day after day. On leaving the hotel the servants gather round you expecting perquisites.

While not a few of the hotels on the continent are colossal and sumptuous, we question if they surpass some of those in America. A Birmingham friend informs us that he stayed recently in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, which contains 1000 rooms. The bed-rooms are very large and airy, and they all have comfortable dressing-rooms attached, with hot and cold water supply, and with a dozen beautiful towels of all kinds. There are 400 waiters, one-fourth only being white men, the rest negroes. There is in the kitchen 27 French cooks, besides assistants, and a choice of about 70 dishes at dinner. Then there is a splendid laundry in the hotel, where the washing is done by 50 Chinese washermen. Certainly, says our friend, never was linen more exquisitely got up.

FISHING RODS IN A CHURCH.

On the following day we left our hotel about ten o'clock, and in the course of five minutes we were within the walls of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, so called because it is the largest of all the churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is situated on the Esquiline Hill. The interior of the building baffles description. It contains thirty-six Ionic white marble columns. Here are preserved the manger (?) in which Jesus lay, and a painting of the Virgin by Luke the evangelist. Here we saw something we had never seen before. What was it? Fishing rods stretching out from the top of all the confessional boxes where the priests were in waiting!!! Women in abundance were drawn in, but we did not see a single man enter to confess his sins to the priest. Oh, it was truly *heart-rending* to see so many educated men degrading *themselves*, and ruining the poor deluded fish they *succeeded* in alluring by their bait! No wonder you

often see in Roman Catholic Churches the words *Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis*. Full indulgences for longer or shorter periods may be purchased daily for the benefit of the living and the dead! This indeed is a proof of "the mystery of iniquity."

THE HOLY CROSS AND THE HOLY STAIRCASE.

We next proceeded in a southern direction, to a church close by the wall of the city. We passed a large open space where a number of soldiers were being drilled. We now enter the *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, so called because in it are preserved—don't believe it—pieces of the Saviour's cross, a piece of the pillar on which He was scourged, a bit of the crown of thorns, one of the nails that pierced the hands of Christ, one of the fingers of the apostle Thomas, and the whole cross of the penitent thief. What a contrast between these impositions and the words in one part of the interior, *Hic Deum adora*, "Here adore God!" Near this church are the ruins of an old amphitheatre, where wild beasts fought. On one occasion the Emperor Caligula being in want of sport, caused a number of citizens to be seized, and after tearing out their tongues that they might not complain, had them brought into the arena where they were compelled to fight to death.

Turning to the right hand we were soon in front of the magnificent church of St. John of Lateran. The altars—one cost £400,000—are beautifully decorated. We saw some gorgeous paintings, and handsome curtains with rich gold fringe. For the last 1500 years the Popes have been crowned here. In the square stands an Egyptian obelisk of King Rameses, said to be 3000 years old, and 600 tons in weight. Close by it is the Lateran Museum with an endless variety of treasures and curiosities, and the Baptistry with bronze doors from the baths of Caracalla, and two pillars from the temple of Jerusalem.

In the same neighbourhood is the church with the *Scala Santa*, Holy Staircase, consisting of twenty-eight well-worn marble steps, brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem—the very steps up which Jesus climbed on the morning of his condemnation. You read, *Non est*

in toto sanctior orbe locus, "There is not a holier place in the whole world!" A number of individuals were at the time of our inspection climbing up the stair on their knees. Luther was once creeping up this very stair, when suddenly he heard, as he imagined, a voice of thunder in the depths of his heart, "The just shall live by faith." Luther says, "Then I felt myself born again as a new man, and I entered by an open door into the very paradise of God. From that time I saw the precious and Holy Scriptures with new eyes."

PAUL AND THE APPIAN WAY.

We next drove out the Appian Way. We saw the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. Walls, floors, and ceilings, were covered with costly mosaic. They extend over 140,000 square yards. As many as 1600 persons could bathe in them at the same time. When Rome was in her glory she had 11 large baths and 856 small ones. The Via Appia, the queen of roads, was commenced by Appius Claudius Caecus when censor, B.C. 312. It ran from Rome to Brundisium by Capua, and was the great highway to Greece and the eastern provinces. Along this very road Paul and Luke must have come, in the company of those good-hearted brethren who went to meet them at Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns. "The Great Apostle had the sympathies of human nature; he was dejected and encouraged by the same causes which act on our spirits; he too saw all outward objects in 'hues borrowed from the heart.' The diminution of fatigue—the more hopeful prospect of the future—the renewed elasticity of religious trust—the sense of a brighter light on all the scenery around him—on the foliage which overshadowed the road—on the wide expanse of the plain to the left—on the high summit of the Alban Mount—all this, and more than this, is involved in Luke's sentence—'*When Paul saw the brethren, he thanked God, and took courage.*'" (*Conybeare and Howson.*) What an interesting journey out this Appian Way! How many objects of interest! There is the Doric tomb of the Scipios, and the tomb—built 100 B.C.—of Cecilia Metella, with its "stern round tower." There is the long aqueduct with its chain of noble arches from Rome to the mountains of Albano.

THE WONDERFUL CATACOMBS.

About noon we reached the catacombs of St. Calixtus, far out on the Appian Way. We entered a gateway. We paid a franc each. We walked across a field. Following the guide we descended by a flight of stairs, perhaps about 30 feet. We kept close together as we wandered with our lighted tapers along passage after passage—a perfect labyrinth of galleries. Some believe that the catacombs were excavated by the Christians of the first three centuries. They cover an area of 615 acres round the city. It is calculated that there are 590 miles of passages, and six million persons have been buried in them. The corridors are of various lengths and heights, generally 7 to 8 feet high, and 3 to 5 wide. In most cases the tomb is just large enough for a single corpse. The number of graves in each tier are commonly 3 to 5. Here we have authentic records of the early Christians. Here saintly men and women suffered martyrdom in the time of Diocletian, and other emperors. Here are chapels, altars, chairs, and founts for baptism.

In these subterranean regions such paintings as the following may be seen:—Noah in the ark—Moses striking the rock—Elijah in the chariot of fire—Daniel in the lion's den—Jesus in his mother's lap receiving the presents of the Magi—and Pilate washing his hands. The symbols and inscriptions reveal the beauty and simplicity of the life of these early Christian worthies. *Victorina dormit*, "Victorina sleeps," "Alexander is not dead but lives beyond the stars," "Petronia, a deacon's wife, the type of modesty." In many cases no names are given, only some word or phrase. "Peace," "Love," "To my dearest wife now glorified." "To one well deserving." Sometimes you see a cross with a lamb at the foot of it; sometimes you see a dove with the olive branch in its mouth. There are also anchors, vines, rocks, lights, columns, fountains, lions, hands, nets, palms, and most frequently the fish. Possessing, as we do, in this land of religious liberty, so many privileges, surely we should emulate the splendid lives of these early Roman believers.

IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

Emerging from the gloomy catacombs, the brilliant Italian light makes the eyes painful for a minute or two. We had a long and delightful drive in the open country beyond the southern walls of the city. We passed villas with lovely gardens. We met very few persons on the road. But what massive church is this to the left? It is the church of St. Paul. It was built to commemorate his martyrdom in this locality. Within the spacious interior you count 80 Corinthian pillars. Aloft and around you see a long series of portrait medallions of all the popes in mosaic, numbering 256. There is room for more popes. We were greatly charmed with our trip to this renowned basilica.

“Imperial splendour all the roof adorns,
Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced
With golden pomp the vast circumference.
With gold the beams he covered, that within
The light might emulate the beams of morn.
Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stood
Of Parian stone, in fourfold ranks disposed ;
Each curving arch with glass of various dye
Was decked ; so shines with flowers the painted mead
In Spring’s prolific day.”

A TOUCHING STORY.

Before entering the city by the gate of St. Paul, at the foot of the Aventine, we passed the Protestant cemetery, with the graves of Keats and Shelley. On the tomb of Keats, who died in Rome in 1821, are the words—“Here lies one whose name was written in water,” in allusion to his bitter and tearful life. One monument marks the grave of a young English girl, the pride of a noble family. She was riding on the banks of the Tiber, when her horse became unmanageable and backed into the river. She was swept away, and her body was not found for many months. Her tombstone is adorned with a bas-relief, representing an angel *receiving her from the waves*. Not far from the cemetery is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Its height is 101 feet, is built of brick and covered with marble blocks. Though erected more than 1882 years ago in

the space of 330 days, it is still strong and solid. Paul would see it as he passed on to the scene of his martyrdom.

SOME OTHER SIGHTS.

We had a look at the *Ponte Rotto*, the first bridge in Rome; an iron bridge now rests on its ancient arches. We had a look at the circular temple of Vesta, and the remains of the circular theatre of Marcellus. We walked from one end of the *Corso*—the main street—to the other. We made some purchases in the elegant shops, including a large view of the Colosseum. We saw the *Piazza Colonna*, with its Doric column—137 feet high—raised by the Senate to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In a money changer's we got some Italian notes for English gold. Owing to the greater value of gold in Italy, we received about 7d. more for every sovereign. The smallest Italian notes are about 5d. in value. In returning to the hotel, we passed the Barberini Palace, and the baths of Diocletian covering an enormous space. After dinner we wrote a few letters to friends in Scotland. At 10.40 P.M. we started for Naples. The only thing we remember about the night journey of 161 miles was the unceasing grumbling of a German who had lost one of his bags. His nice little wife utterly failed to bring summer into his face.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

A paragraph under this heading is needful. The carriages do not differ much from our own. There are three classes, and to the south of Naples we saw a fourth class, where the passengers have to stand upright or squat on the floor. There are compartments for smokers. By mistake we went into one of these on one occasion, but an Italian gentleman, to his honour be it said, would not light his cigar during the journey of eight hours; and why? Because there were three ladies in the same compartment. Though the ladies gave him liberty, he would not take it. Verily there is self denial among some of the Italians. There is only a single line of rail through the country; consequently, regular and special trains are timed to meet at roomy stations where the lines are double. The locomotives are powerful, and the engine-drivers and stokers seen

sober men. We never saw one enter a refreshment room. The speed of the trains is between 30 and 40 miles an hour, and their arrival is never much behind the advertised time. When the porters wish the passengers to take their seats they walk quickly from one end of the platform to the other, crying, "Partênza, partênza." Soon after the horn is blown or the whistle is given, and the train starts. As to the guards and porters, we heard unfavourable reports; luggage is always going amissing. Thirteen persons were recently tried for opening trunks, and robbing the luggage of passengers. It appears that an organised system of railway robberies has been carried on for the last eight or nine years. Perhaps the servants on the railway are underpaid. For ourselves, we lost nothing. In Italy all luggage which cannot be taken into the compartment and kept there without causing any inconvenience to other passengers, must be paid for. In entering or leaving a carriage, travellers in general salute one another in a right noble manner.

ARRIVAL AT NAPLES.

We reached Naples in the morning at a quarter before seven o'clock. What a tremendous hubbub at the station! What with cabmen, porters, hotel servants, persons selling oranges, &c., and Lazzaroui (name given to those who live by begging), you are nearly torn to pieces. We wished them all *buon giorno*, "good day," and crossed the street to a café. We had some difficulty in making the waiter understand that we wanted eggs. After a bit the obtuse gentleman comprehended us. Strange to say he brought unboiled eggs!

The train for Pompeii left at 7.40. It was easy to make the booking clerk understand that we wished return tickets. The railway ride is full of interest. We had enchanting views of the Bay of Naples—20 miles by 10—as we skirted its beautiful shores. Many steamers and yachts were riding at anchor. We passed a few immense macaroni manufactories. Macaroni is a delicious dish in Italy. We always relished it. The first station we stopped at is Portici, near which is the city of *Herculaneum*, buried in 79 A.D. It lies at a

depth of from 70 to 120 feet below the surface. The second station is Torre del Greco, a small town which was overwhelmed by burning lava from Vesuvius nearly 100 years ago. The town is rebuilt above the lava which is 38 feet in thickness. We reached Pompeii at 8.33.

THE RUINED CITY OF POMPEII.

It is a walk of about 200 paces from the railway platform to the gate. On the road lava brooches, &c., are sold. We paid two francs each (about 1s. 7d.) for admission. Each party is furnished with a guide without further charge. There is no imposition. Fees are not allowed. The whole thing is under government control. Our guide could speak a little English. The city is about two miles in circumference. We cannot tell all we saw during the few hours we wandered through its deserted streets, squares, and theatres. The streets are from 12 to 24 feet broad. We saw skeletons of horses, cats, dogs, chickens, and human bodies with rings and money belts. How are these things procured? When a body is discovered, the encircling rubbish is removed and a hole is carefully bored, into which a composition is poured, and the empty space is filled (for of course nothing but bones remain). This composition hardens like plaster of Paris, and this gives the exact impression of the poor creature who had lain entombed for 1800 years. We saw the temples of Jupiter, of Venus, of Concord, of Janus, of Romulus, of the Pantheon, of Augustus, of Mercury, of Isis, and of Hercules. We saw the houses of Cornelius, of Sallust, and of Diomedes, with their terraces, gardens, fountains, and statues. The houses are one and two storeys. The bedrooms are excessively small. We saw an inscription *cave canem*, "beware of the dog." We saw bake-houses with mills and ovens, where loaves were found. We saw bath rooms, and could trace the lead pipes running along. We saw the signs above the shop doors, that told us whether they were wine shops, oil shops, sculptors' shops, druggists' shops, cook shops, dyers' shops, coffee shops, milk shops, or smiths' shops. Houses, arches and temples, are almost all built with large

thin bricks. The streets are all named such as *Via Quarta*, &c., and the shops are numbered. The lizards are legion.

We saw in some places the deep ruts made by the chariot wheels on the causeyed streets, the well-constructed pavements 20 inches above the roads, and at points of intersection are large stepping stones to enable pedestrians to cross from one side of the street to the other without soiling their feet, or the skirts of their robes. The skeleton of a man was found in a prison with his feet in iron stocks. In one square was found the skeletons of sixty soldiers, who, in the severity of Roman discipline, perished at their post. A soldier in full armour was found at a sentry-box. The skeletons of some were found in beds; perhaps they were smothered while asleep or ill. Gold, silver, and bronze coins, bracelets, cups, rings, spears, earthen jars, and eggs have been disinterred. The skeleton of a woman—probably a thief—was found with a lamp in one hand and jewels in the other. On the walls of some houses we saw perfect bits of art in marble and mosaic, and paintings marvellously fresh. Excavations are still in progress, so that extraordinary discoveries may yet be made. What a terrible night must have been the 23rd of August, 79 A.D., when Pompeii was destroyed with showers of ashes, sand, and cinders from Vesuvius! The depth of superincumbent debris is about 20 feet. It is said that Drusilla, the wife of Felix, who heard Paul reason “of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,” perished with thousands of others on that dreadful occasion.

THE LATEST DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Two or three weeks ago a touching discovery was made during the excavations at Pompeii. In one of the narrow streets were found signs of human remains in the dried mud lying on the top of the strata of lapilli reaching to the second floor of the houses, and, when the usual process of pouring the plaster into the hollow left by the impression of a body had been accomplished, *there came to light the form of a little boy. Within the house, opposite to the second-floor window of which this infantile form lay, were found a gold bracelet*

and the skeleton of a woman, the arms stretched towards the child. The plaster form of this woman could not be obtained, the impression being too much destroyed. It is evident that the mother, when the liquid mud began to flow, had put her little boy out of the window into the lapilli in the hope of saving him, and he must, no doubt, have been overwhelmed. The plaster figure of the child has not yet been placed in the little museum near the entrance of Pompeii, but is kept in a house not far from the Temple of Isis. Among several interesting paintings lately uncovered during the excavations in a garden of Region VIII. at Pompeii, there was one the subject of which seems identical with the judgment of Solomon. In this mural painting the figures are all pigmies. In the centre is a bench with three judges; kneeling at their feet, in an attitude of prayer, is a woman; farther towards the foreground is a butcher's table, and upon it a naked babe, which a man is preparing to kill with a large knife, while beside him stands a woman with an indifferent air. Soldiers and people close the scene.

"What wonder this? We ask the limpid well,
O earth! of thee—and from thy solemn womb
What yieldest thou? Is there life in the abyss—
Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
Returns the past, awakening from the tomb?"

The earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all!"

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.

We did not ascend to the summit of Vesuvius, which towers to a height of 4000 feet, and is the most active volcano in the world. We were content with the views we had of it by night and by day from different standpoints. The mountain is constantly smoking, sometimes sending up great tongues of molten flame, and occasionally lava flows. Though there is a rope railway now on the cone, many travellers prefer the fatiguing exploit of climbing with the help of guides. One gentleman from the neighbourhood of Inveraray told us in his Celtic brogue that the charge was five francs for a pull and three for a shove! The descent

is frequently made amidst roars of laughter. Some told us in the hotel how their nostrils were filled with the stench of hot sulphur from the dismal crater, and how a stick thrust into the glowing cracks was burnt black in a moment. One compares standing on the top of Vesuvius and looking down upon the bay and city of Naples, to nothing but mounting a peak in the infernal regions overlooking paradise.

THE MUSEUM AND STREETS OF NAPLES.

We returned to Naples from Pompeii about two o'clock, and went to the museum. The rooms of this colossal structure are well worthy of being explored. The most interesting and valuable relics are those which have been brought from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Here are statues, busts, and household gods. Here is a gallery of bronzes, showing great skill, even in ancient times, in working of metals. Here are partially burned books, fish hooks, old daggers, ear-drops, dog collars, vases, rice, wheat, and olives, from the disinterred cities. We drove from the museum to the Hotel Nobile, a splendid pile of buildings at the north end of Naples. We had a good opportunity of studying the habits of its citizens. What sumptuous carriages, what beautiful shops, what high houses, with their balconies, what a host of police, soldiers, peasant women, fishermen, priests, monks, nuns, pedlars, and waifs! The gestures and attitudes of many were pantomimic, and their hilarity was very uproarious. There is a strong odour of the stable in the narrow streets.

The wind being high, off went the hat of one of the ladies in our carriage. It went spinning away a great distance. By the time we prevailed upon the Vetturino to pull up, the distance between the carriage and the hat was still greater. Fortunately a smart boy came to the rescue. He soon caught the runaway head dress, and by the time he approached the vehicle we were ready with our reward. With one hand he gave up the hat, with the other he received the gift, at the same time making a graceful bow, and, with a sweet Italian gentleness, said *grázie*, "thanks."

We found comfortable rooms reserved for us in the

hotel—having written beforehand from Rome. We stayed there two nights. We had pleasant intercourse with some travellers on their way home from Egypt. They had just come in the steamer from Alexandria. In the visitors' list we observed the names of Lord and Lady Wolverton, England. After sunset we went to the balcony of the hotel, and beheld with rapture the city, the bay, and the smoking mountain

GOOD FRIDAY IN NAPLES.

Next day was a high day with the Roman Catholics. Our text for the day was "Ponder the path of thy feet." In the open air the heat was painfully oppressive. We visited some of the 258 churches. We heard sermons by eloquent preachers in the Italian language. Their elocution seemed to be perfection. In keeping with the day the most of the worshippers wore mourning garments, and the altars were draped in black cloth. Those who did not stand sat on chairs, for the use of each one penny was charged. There are no pews. We had some tramway car drives. We saw men with earrings. We visited the Royal Palace, the rooms of which we have not language to describe. We walked along the *Riviera di Chiaja*, where in the afternoon the élite of the city promenade. We gazed on the rippling waters of the Mediterranean. We gazed up at the castle of St. Elmo, on the heights behind the city. Near to this paradisaical spot are subterranean cellars, where some of the poorest and most abandoned reside. Misery is to be there seen, that is without a parallel in any other city—men, women, and children are huddled together on straw shakedown. Mr. W. E. Gladstone called the Naples of the Bourbons "the negation of God." An authority says:—"The masses are, as regards their material condition, far worse off than under the Bourbons, and morally, there is no change." The Neapolitans have an enormous churchyard, which is divided into 365 squares—a square for each day in the year. Into these horrible pits the bodies of the dead are pitched. How deplorable!

THE LONG GROTTTO AND THE GRAND CATHEDRAL.

On Saturday forenoon we visited the Grotto di Posilipo, a tunnel said to be constructed in the reign of Augustus. Its length is 755 yards. There is a good paved road and much vehicular traffic. On a few days in March and November the sun shines directly through the grotto, producing a magic illumination. Near the grotto is the tomb of Virgil, who learned Greek at Naples, and who wished to be buried here. Some maintain that he composed the "Eclogues" and "Georgics," if not also the "Æneid," when he resided at the foot of the hill of Posilipo. Five miles from this along the shore is Puteoli, where Paul landed after his tedious and chequered voyage from Palestine, and there he found Christians who desired him to "tarry with them seven days," and so he "went toward Rome."

Our little party next drove to *Il Duomo*, the venerable cathedral. On our way we passed many of the chief public buildings. We saw milkmen going along the streets with cows and goats, selling the warm milk. The cathedral is celebrated for its silver altars, and the gorgeous shrine of St. Januarius. Once a year they say his blood, which is preserved in a silver vessel, liquefies. What an imposition! At the time of our visit there was a procession in the church. Everybody was eager to get kissing the hands of the archbishop, who seemed to enjoy the lip salutation with supreme delight. Now we are done with Naples. We had not time to visit Sorrento, or the islands of Capri and Ischia. We were at Sorrento, the birth place of Tasso, on 24th April, 1880. After getting a substantial refreshment in a clean *ristoratore*, we walked to the railway station, and took the afternoon train to Rome. Naples has a population of close upon 500,000, and a university with 52 professors. Some one says the country here is "a bit of heaven let down to earth"

NAPLES TO ROME.

The ride was exceedingly pleasant. There are thirty-four stations between the two cities. We managed to

converse with a devout French priest by means of broken Latin. The whole country appeared in a high state of cultivation. The goodness of God and the toil and taste of man were visible everywhere. At Caserta, with its stupendous royal palace, Garibaldi and his brave soldiers had their headquarters in 1860. We reached Capua at 4.45, in a gloriously rich plain. Here Hannibal's army was weakened by voluptuousness. We have now left the smoke of Vesuvius far behind. We beheld hoary castles on craggy heights, and sweet villages in sequestered spots. We dash across rivers that must have been crossed in ancient times by warriors, poets, statesmen, ambassadors, merchants, and apostles. Corn-fields, gardens, orchards, and vine terraces ever and anon burst before our vision. Shortly after ten o'clock we were in the Hotel Continental at Rome. We were glad to receive the first letters since leaving home, and also a copy of *The Christian News*.

THE LARGEST CATHEDRAL IN CHRISTENDOM.

The great centre of attraction in Rome on Easter Sabbath is St. Peter's Church. We went there for a short time in the forenoon. The sky was clear and the atmosphere was balmy. We have already in these pages described the crossing of the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, the Vatican Palace with its storeyed pile of buildings to the right of St. Peter's, the Vatican Museum of Antiquities stretching away behind St. Peter's, and the magnificent square with its graceful obelisk, beautiful fountains, and splendid colonnades right in front of St. Peter's.

We wended our way up the middle of the square. Before ascending the broad flight of steps we stood for a minute or two and admired the noble facade, so massive and so grandly symmetrical. It is 370 feet long and 145 feet high. Up in one of those balconies in former generations the Pope appeared at Easter and bestowed his blessing on the multitudes that stood in the square. Five open portals lead into a vestibule 439 feet long and 47 feet wide, paved with variegated marble and adorned with statues and mosaics. Here is to be seen a celebrated mosaic of Peter walking on the sea,

designed by Giotto in 1298, and preserved from the old basilica. How full of historic interest is the ground whereon we stand! Here in Pagan times was the gorgeous temple of Jupiter. Here it is said that Peter was buried after he suffered martyrdom. Here was erected a huge basilica or church by Constantine, in A.D. 306. The foundation stone of the present wonder of architecture was laid in 1506. The most eminent architects of the time were employed—Bramanté, Peruzzi, and Gallo. In 1546 the chief superintendence devolved on Michael Angelo, then seventy-two years of age. He designed the dome. He died in 1564, in his ninetieth year. His successors, Vignola and Giacomo della Porta, conscientiously completed the dome according to the models left by Angelo. The whole building covers a space of eight English acres. It occupied 176 years in its erection, and it is estimated that it cost not less than £12,000,000. It takes fully £7000 per annum to keep it in repair.

We ascended the broad steps—our faces being towards the west. As we entered the capacious edifice we uncovered our head. We are deeply impressed with its magnitude and vastness. Why, it is indeed a cluster of churches under one gigantic roof. Grandeur, grandeur all around! What manifestations of the genius of architects, painters and sculptors! The cathedral is 613 feet long and 450 across the transepts. The arch of the nave is 90 feet wide and 152 high. The diameter of the cupola is 195 feet. From the variegated marble pavement to the top of the cross on the dome is 450 feet. The dome of St. Paul's in London is 356 feet. The height of the dome in the cathedral in Milan is 355 feet, and that of St. Sophia in Constantinople is only 180. The height of the greatest pyramid in Egypt is 460 feet, and this is the exact height of the tallest chimney in Glasgow. The church has 290 windows, 148 columns, 47 altars, and 380 statues. Among the monuments, that of Clement IX. is the most gorgeous. On the spandrills of the arches of the dome are four mosaics representing Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, with their emblems. Looking at these gives some idea of the stupendous dimensions of the fabric, for the pen in Luke's hand, which far aloft yonder looks like an ordinary quill, is in fact *seven feet long*. The following Latin words are on the

frieze of the dome, each letter being six feet long:—*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum.* "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and to thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Beneath the golden-vaulted cupola rises the imposing bronze canopy, borne by four richly gilded spiral columns, constructed in 1633 of the metal taken from the Pantheon. It is 95 feet in height, including the cross, and weighs 93 tons. Beneath the high altar is the shrine, with the tomb of Peter, in which above 100 lamps burn continually. The nave is continued beyond the dome, and terminates in the tribune, with the bronze chair, which encloses the wooden episcopal chair of Peter. Around the chair are reposing figures of Justice, Prudence, etc. Here the Pope sits on great occasions. The left transept contains confessionals for eleven different languages, with such painted signs as—*Pro Flandrica Lingua, Pro Germanica Lingua, Pro Italica Lingua, Pro Hispania Lingua, and Pro Anglica Lingua* (for those speaking the English language). A most commanding view of the city and surrounding country may be had from the top of St. Peter's. We had the privilege of ascending to the summit of the dome when we visited Rome in April, 1880.

ANECDOTES ABOUT ST. PETER'S.

Pope Julius II., being full of vanity, ordered Michael Angelo to give him a design for his tomb, which that great artist made upon so grand a scale that the choir of old St. Peter's church could not contain it. "Well, then," replied the Pope, "enlarge the choir." "Ay, holy father, but we must then build a new church, to keep up the due proportion between the different parts of the edifice." "That we will then do," responded the Pope. The second anecdote is about the architect Bernini. Each of the four columns that support the dome takes up as much room at the base as a little chapel and convent. They were designed by Angelo. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each column, but just as he had prepared the inside of one of them the whole building gave a crash, which the Italian story says was as loud as thunder. He put up

the stairs in that column, but would not attempt it in any more of them.

The building of St. Peter's was one of the occasions of the Reformation. To raise the money the countries of Europe were canvassed. Indulgences for past, and, it is also alleged, for future sins were sold. John Tetzel was the principal salesman. Martin Luther's soul was boiling with indignation against this man. He courageously *protested* against the obnoxious traffic, and so the *Protestant* Reformation was inaugurated. Luther published his famous thesis on the 31st October, 1517.

ST. PETER'S ON EASTER SUNDAY.

Since the Pope's temporal sovereignty was wrested from him in September, 1870, the pomp and splendour of the ceremonial services here on festival days have ceased. On these occasions, in former times, the cathedral and the square in front were crowded with human beings, all waiting for a sight of the Pope, as if he were a god, and at night the dome and the building were illuminated by thousands of torches and lamps. On the Sabbath of our visit there might be 30,000 persons under the roof, though the building could easily accommodate twice that number. Individuals from all parts of the world were there. We had no difficulty in recognising English, Irish, Americans, French, Germans, Italians—town and country people (*contadini*); pretty dark-eyed Neapolitans, and sable Africans. The service seemed to consist entirely of praise, bowing, marching in procession, ringing bells, and burning incense. Cardinal Howard, whose hat was studded with diamonds and rubies, assisted by a number of priests, officiated. Some of the priests wore gorgeous ermine capes. The strains of the fine organ, and the singing of the large choir were grand. Some of the solos were well rendered; one singer had a rich soprano voice. We felt there was a great gulf between the position of these high ecclesiastical dignitaries, with their mummeries and flunmeries, and the position of Paul when he wrote, "As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also" (Romans i. 15).

AN ALARMING ACCIDENT.

On leaving the colossal cathedral we were shocked at seeing a gentleman severely injured by the wheels of an omnibus. Considering the number of vehicles and the crowd of pedestrians in that locality, we wondered that the accidents were not in dozens. We admired the intelligence and promptitude of the police. In the course of a single minute the wounded man was placed in a cab beside some police, the names of the witnesses were taken down, the number of the 'bus was noted, and the cab was dashing off at a rapid speed to the hospital.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND A NEW CHURCH.

In the afternoon we had the pleasure of attending a deeply interesting service in the *Via del Babuino*, one of the streets that run southward from the People's Square (*Piazza del Popolo*). The occasion was the laying the foundation-stone of the new English Church by his Excellency the British Ambassador, Sir Augustus Paget, K.C.B. Behind the wooden barricade there would be assembled upwards of 1000 English-speaking tourists, all of whom were made welcome on presenting their cards. The archæologists, Mr. Shakspeare Wood and Mr. S. Russell Forbes were also present. The Archdeacon of Northumberland, the Revs. W. H. Wasse and W. Pickance, British Chaplain and Assistant-Chaplain, and sixteen other clergymen, in their canonical robes; Mr. Wurta, Secretary of Legation, represented the Hon. George Marsh, United States; and the members of the Church Committee passed in procession from the robing tent along the line of the intended nave to the platform. There was a large choir, some of the members of which had musical instruments. There was also displayed a profusion of English and American flags. The Hundredth Psalm was first sung, then an earnest exhortation from the Chaplain, then a number of appropriate prayers were read, and then the hymn was sung beginning—

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

After this, the lime having been prepared, the British Ambassador laid the stone, striking it three times with a mallet, and at the same time saying, "Thus, thus, and thus, I lay the foundation-stone of this Church of All-Saints in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and may God prosper the undertaking," and the spectators responded "Amen." Some more prayers were read, the hymn beginning "Christ is laid, the sure foundation" was sung, and the blessing was pronounced. On the stone, which was covered with the loveliest of flowers, was the following inscription—"In nomine patris, et filii, et spiritus sancti hujus ecclesie fundamenta posita sunt. April, A.S. MDCCCLXXXII." Lord Paget's carriage and many other handsome carriages were drawn up in line along the street, when we retired from the solemn and impressive ceremony. We may state that the site alone cost £6000, which gives an idea of the value of ground in the Eternal City.

BIBLE STUDY IN ROME.

In the evening after returning to the hotel, we had a Bible reading. How peculiarly interesting and profitable it is to peruse those passages in the New Testament that refer to Rome and some of the worthy members of the first church there! "Strangers of Rome" (Acts ii. 10) heard Peter on the day of Pentecost. "Claudius (emperor between A.D. 41 and 54) had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome" (Acts xviii. 2), and hence Aquila and Priscilla, Paul's "helpers in Christ Jesus," had to remove to Coriuth. Paul said that after visiting Macedonia, Achaia, and Jerusalem, he "must also see Rome" (Acts xix. 21). While the apostle was in Jerusalem, the Lord one night stood by him, and said: "Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome" (Acts xxiii. 11). The same apostle "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house" (Acts xxviii. 30) in Rome, and delighted to tell to all who came in unto him the thrilling story of redeeming love. Read the 16th chapter of Romans, and you will see what a band of noble workers lived in Rome eighteen centuries ago. There were the "well-beloved Epe-

netus," "Mary, who bestowed much labour on us," "Urbane, our beloved in Christ," "Apelles, approved in Christ," "Herodion, my kinsman," "the household of Narcissus, who are in the Lord," "Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord," "Persis, who laboured much in the Lord," "Rufus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine," &c. Happy, harmonious, and prosperous the churches which have such a galaxy of brilliant stars. How interesting, also, to study the letters which Paul wrote while he was "a prisoner of Jesus Christ" in Rome! It would take up too much space, otherwise we might have quoted in full the verses we marked when looking over the Apostle's letters to the Galatians, the Ephesians, the Philippians, and the Colossians, his second letter to Timothy, and his short one to Philemon. Those sentences we marked came home to us with a pointedness and freshness we never before experienced.

THREE HUNDRED CHURCHES IN ROME.

Monday was our last day in Rome. The first church we visited to-day is fully a mile from our hotel. It is the Jesuit Church. It is magnificently adorned with superb columns, silver altars, and a globe lined with oriental lapis lazuli. Being here at 11 o'clock, the hour of daily sermon, we heard one of the Jesuit priests. There was a large audience—the rich and the poor were mixed together. The preacher, who used no book and no notes, spoke earnestly and eloquently. At the close of the sermon a few priests went round amongst the people with collection bags. The other churches we may mention here are as follows:—the Church of St. Marcellus with some remarkable paintings; the old Church of St. Agnes with three naves; the Church of St. Augustine with an urn in which is deposited the body of Monica, his pious mother; the Church of St. Nereus with two marble chairs called "ambones," where it was customary in the early times of Christianity to read the gospel and the epistles; the Church of St. Mary in Trastevere, founded in 222, and was the first church publicly dedicated to divine worship in Rome under the invocation of the Virgin; the Church of St. Clement—the third Pope after Peter—

one of the most ancient churches within the walls of the city—Father Mahoney, the Irish prior, recently discovered two churches beneath it; the Church of St. Peter in Vinculi, so called from having preserved the chain with which Peter was bound in Jerusalem; the Church of San Martino, where was held the Roman Council of A.D. 324-25, which condemned the works of Arius; the Church of Ara Cœli with its wooden doll, to which superstition has ascribed wonderful healing powers; and the Church of the SS. Apostoli where, towards the end of the fourth century, Pelagius, a native of Britain, preached. He was a brave theological reformer. Though we do not say "Amen" to all his opinions, we cannot but admire him for his defence of the doctrine of Free Will, and of the doctrine that Christ died for all without distinction and without exception. In this church we copied the following words—*Corpora sanctorum in pace sepulta sunt, et vivent nomina eorum in æternum*, "The bodies of the saints are buried in peace, and their names will live in eternity."

THE PANTHEON.

This is said to be the only edifice in Rome which has withstood all the ravages of time, and still remains in a good state of preservation. It was built by Agrippa about 27 B.C. It would, therefore, be standing there when Paul was in the city. It was made a Christian Church in A.D. 610. Could its hoary walls speak, what a history they would tell! Let us take our place in front of this temple to all the gods. See these eight pillars, with one exception, all of grey granite. Close by there is a fountain and an obelisk. Let us enter the venerable temple. Majesty, sublimity, and elegance everywhere. It is circular in form. The diameter is 135 feet. The walls are about 20 feet thick, the thin stones of which resemble the stones of the buildings round by the Roman Forum and in Pompeii. How is the Pantheon lighted? By the door and the circular opening—40 feet in diameter—in the dome, which is about 130 feet above the marble pavement. Through the opening the rain falls on a wet day, which has rather a damping effect on the wor-

shippers. Here lie the bones of the illustrious Raphael who died in 1520. Here also is the vault of King Victor Emmanuel who died in 1878.

HANDSOME PARKS AND OTHER SIGHTS.

We visited the grand promenade on the Pinchian Hill. Here the nobility ride in their carriages with their liveried drivers. Here nurses with finely dressed children talk and laugh to each other. Here are seen little tram-cars drawn by goats with long horns. Here a military band plays for two hours before sunset. Here grow stately palms and pretty flowers. Here are fountains and numerous busts of renowned Italians. We get an extensive view of Rome from the terrace 100 feet high. We visited the Borghese Park to the north of the city walls. The walks and groves are unique. We picked up a large acacian leaf and brought it home to Glasgow. While we were at lunch there was a terrific thunderstorm. We drove out the *Via Flaminia* to the Milvian Bridge, now called Ponte Molle. Near this Constantine saw in 312 A.D. the sign of the cross, and the well-known words, *In hoc signo vinces*—"By this sign thou shalt conquer." Here Constantine vanquished the usurper Maxentius. Not far off Garibaldi fought the Pope's troops in 1867. We visited the Fountain of Trevi. Here Neptune appears with his floundering steeds, and from a hundred crevices on all sides jets gush up, while streams spout out of the mouth and nostrils of stone monsters. The waters come by an old aqueduct from the Sabian Hills 16 miles distant. We drove round by the imposing Quirinal Palace, the residence of King Humbert. We passed through the square of Monte Cavallo. Here are to be seen an obelisk of red granite 45 feet high; a vase of grey granite 45 feet in circumference brought from the Roman Forum; and two groups of men about 18 feet high taming horses—a masterpiece of Grecian sculpture. We saw, in the Piazza di Spagna, the column of the Immaculate Conception, erected by Pius IX., in honour of that dogma which he proclaimed in 1854; and beyond this we beheld the Propaganda, the great missionary centre of the Catholic Church, erected by Pope Gregory in 1662. In a broad street

near our hotel in the afternoon, we met and saluted the King of Italy, who was riding in a carriage. He returned the salutation by lifting his hat.

DEPARTURE FROM THE ETERNAL CITY.

Monday night being our last in Rome, and as we were under the necessity of making an early start next day, we settled all financial matters with the hotel proprietor. In addition to the ordinary coupons, we had to pay an extra charge owing to the season of the year. We were at the capacious railway terminus before six o'clock on Tuesday morning. The weather was superb all day. At 6.30 the train started. The railway track is round beyond the eastern and southern walls of the city. Once more did we see some of the gates of Rome, once more the Appian Way, once more the fields above the Catacombs, once more the buildings on the Capitoline hill where Rienzi (the last of the tribunes) was slain, once more the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, once more the church of St. Paul, once more the Tiber, with its little island—*Isola Tiberina*—and, as we sped along, the last vestige of the city seen by us was the lofty dome of St. Peter's. *Sano Roma—Farewell Rome!* What a history thou canst give during the last 2635 years! Only ruins remain of thy luxurious palaces and thy 400 temples! What kings, consuls, emperors, apostles, and popes, have exerted their influence there! The Rev. James Morison, D.D., of Glasgow, wrote in 1855, while on a visit:—"The day of grace to Rome, though declining, has by no means yet set. Its history is for many centuries the history of the civilised world. After rising to the highest pinnacle of political importance and social luxury, it toppled and fell. But having become papal instead of pagan Rome, it became for centuries the spiritual mistress and tyranness of Christendom. It is still, ecclesiastically, a most influential city."

CIVITA VECCHIA, ORBETELLO, AND LEGHORN.

There are 25 stations between Rome and Pisa, and the distance is 224 miles. We thoroughly enjoyed the scenery on the way. At 7.45 we came in sight of the *Mediterranean*, and had it in view to our left almost

the whole day. We saw in the distance Ostia—Rome's ancient seaport. We saw not a few mounted shepherds in their hairy garb. At 9 o'clock we stopped for a few minutes at Civita Vecchia. Its excellent harbour was constructed by Trajan. Steam-packets call here regularly. The town is strongly fortified. Convicts are seen at work on the galleys. Forty minutes were allowed at Orbetello for breakfast. The passengers had a row in the rooms of the buffet, because of the exorbitant prices charged—the French especially were the most demonstrative. All the rivers we crossed to-day were yellow—some had high embankments.

"Villas and towns of varied hue
 Rise o'er the bright waves' deep, deep blue ;
 Here lost 'mid foliage rich and green,
 There half revealed through leafy screen,
 Or, standing high on rocky ground,
 Throw radiant smiles on all around."

We passed Cecina with rows of pine trees; and in the distance we saw Leghorn, famous for its straw hats. It is now a busy seaport, and the population is 80,000. On the day before a much respected townsman in Leghorn was killed by a tram-car there, and so enraged were the inhabitants that they burned the car, and raised such a disturbance that the military had to be called out.

PISA, WITH THE LEANING TOWER.

We reached Pisa shortly after 4 o'clock, and remained there four hours. Our luggage was all left in the railway carriages, the doors of which were locked and carefully sealed so that nothing might be stolen during our absence. The city is on the Arno, the same river which flows through Florence. It has 50,000 inhabitants. The beautiful streets seemed to be almost deserted. We visited the white marble Cathedral, which was founded in 1067. The altars are very grand. The bronze lamp hanging in the nave suggested to Galileo, when only 18 years of age, by its swinging, the idea of a pendulum. It was he who, under the terror of the persecuting Jesuits, felt constrained to abjure on his knees the sublime truths

of his scientific creed, and to declare that the sun stood still. It was he who invented the telescope. It was he who discovered that the moon owed its illumination to reflection. He died in 1642 at the age of 78. We next climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower. It was completed in 1350, is 180 feet high, and has an inclination from the perpendicular of 14 feet ! It has seven bells, one of which weighs seven tons. Here Galileo made some discoveries in the law of gravitation. We cannot say that our feelings were pleasant while on the tower ; we could not prevent ourselves from thinking that the structure was just on the point of falling. The other objects of interest are the Baptistery and the Cemetery—*Campo Santo*. Fifty shiploads of earth from the Holy Land were spread in this graveyard six centuries ago ! Pisa has a remarkable history. It was at one time a republic. Here, in 1409, a great council was held to determine—wonderful to tell—the claims of two men who each wanted to sit in Peter's chair.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

Between 8 at night and 6.30 next morning we were driving on to Turin. Between Pisa and Genoa there are 34 stations, and between Genoa and Turin there are 25. During the night we had only a few stops. Being wearied we slept exceedingly well in spite of the rattle of the wheels, and the occasional talking of our fellow-passengers. Shortly before 5 a.m. on Tuesday we were at Alessandria. Here a few of the travellers broke off for the purpose of visiting Milan, with its world-famed Cathedral, and Lake Como at the foot of the Lepontine Alps. On reaching Turin we took up our quarters in the Hotel Trombetta.

THE CITY OF TURIN.

During the two days we had to spend here we explored the principal places. We have already spoken of its history, its streets, and its people. Starting in the forenoon we, first of all, visited the market ; then a stupendous tower built in honour of Victor Emmanuel, then the Royal Palace with its grand staircase and gorgeously gilded rooms ; and then the Cathedral with its rag of linen cloth which the unblushing impostors

say was used at the burial of Christ. In the afternoon we went to the Capuchin Monastery, from which vantage ground we had a transporting and never-to-be-forgotten view, under a clear blue sky and a burning sun, of the whole range of the Alps with their snowy summits, from Monte Rosa on the extreme right to Mont Cenis on the left. After inspecting the elegant statue of Cavour, we stumbled in the course of our wanderings into the public washing-house, where we saw scores of cleanly matrons at work around great tanks of water. Last of all we roamed through the Museum of Natural History. Here we saw a good-sized meteor which fell in 1868. On Thursday we had a drive round by the Exhibition Buildings of 1880, and on to the Public Park, which is most tastefully laid out. On a church we saw the words, *Janua coeli*—"the gate of heaven." How beautifully suggestive! Jacob said at Bethel, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Our train left Turin at 5.10 p.m., and reached Modane at 9.30. We were exactly 27 minutes in the Alpine tunnel.

FROM THE ALPS TO LONDON.

After staying one hour at Modane, the train started. The carriages were the same, but we had now a French locomotive and French guards. Rain fell heavily during the whole night. We were at Epierre at 11.30 p.m.; Chambery, the capital of Savoy, at 1.5 on Friday morning; Aix-les-Bains, with its sulphur springs, at 1.40; Culoz at 2.30; and Amberieu, at the base of the Jura Mountains, at 4.25. Up to this junction station we sat with our face to the engine, but when the train moved on, lo, our back was to the engine. This was a puzzle to the most of us, until we observed the particular course of the railway track on the map. We crossed the swift-flowing Rhone, which rises in Mount St. Gothard, gushes into the Lake of Geneva, and then hastens on by Lyon to the Mediterranean. Before drawing up at Macon, we crossed the Saone. The scenery here was pleasing to the eye. The farmers in their blue costumes were busy in the fields. We admired the tasteful cottages with their tasteful surroundings. We passed through many tunnels. The indi-

viduals in charge of the gates at the railway crossings are almost all neatly dressed women.

We rested 30 minutes for breakfast at Dijon, formerly the capital of Burgundy, and famous for its wines. We are still 197 miles from Paris. A gentleman in the next compartment bought at the station a London daily paper—it was the only one on the bookstall. We had a reading of it for a few minutes. It contained an account of the Queen's departure from Mentone, and journey along this very road a few days previous. The train stopped 32 minutes at Tonnerre for dinner. We left this at 2 o'clock. When the French porters wish the passengers to take their seats, they cry, "*En voiture s'il vous plait.*" We often crossed and recrossed the canal, and saw a number of boats with the words "Havre, Paris, Lyon," painted on them. At 4 o'clock we were at Sens with its old Gothic cathedral. By this time the wheel of our carriage was beginning to give the officials some little trouble—again and again they threw buckets of water on it. We passed a series of chalk cliffs and a few large windmills. We were now in the gorgeous valley of the Seine. Between 5 and 6 we drove through the extensive forest of Fontainebleau. In the chateau, or pleasure-palace in this wood, Napoleon kept one of the Popes a prisoner for two years. At 7 o'clock we reached Paris, terribly tired with the journey from Turin of twenty-six hours. By 8 o'clock we were comfortably berthed in the London and New York hotel. We spent a good part of Saturday in visiting a few places of interest in the beautiful city. There was nothing of special interest to note in the journey from Paris to London.

THREE DAYS IN LONDON.

The first two nights we stayed in a hotel in the neighbourhood of the Strand, and the third night we enjoyed the hospitality of the Rev. John Dunlop and his good lady in their home far away in the north of the great city. We were fellow-students above twenty years ago in the Glasgow University, and in the Evangelical Union Theological Hall. He was the first pastor of the E. U. church in Dumfries. He has been for some years the indefatigable secretary of the "British Society

for the propagation of the Gospel among the Jews," and the accomplished editor of *The Jewish Herald*. Mr. Duulop retains all the sprightliness, geniality, and humour of his youthful days. Sometimes he would tell a story that made you roar with laughter, and at another time his graphic narrative of some heroic deed would bring the tear to your eye.

We visited a former teacher in Muslin Street E.U. Church Sabbath School, and had a refreshing tea with her. She still has pleasant reminiscences of her former E.U. companions in Glasgow. We also visited friends who were at one time esteemed members of one of our churches. On the Sabbath evening we went to their pew in the City Temple, and heard an able and thrilling sermon from their pastor—the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.

On the Monday afternoon we had the privilege of spending a short time in the House of Commons. Dr. Camerou, one of the members for Glasgow, kindly procured admission for one of our party to the ladies' gallery, and Dr. Campbell, the member for the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, after getting the Speaker's permission, secured us a place in one of the benches allotted to—well, the phrase is not ours—distinguished visitors. Dr. Campbell came and sat down beside us, and was most obliging in pointing out the chief celebrities of the House and in explaining the order of business. We were sitting very near the Home Rulers, some of whom spoke while we were present.

We had a sail on the river Thames in one of the swift little steamers, and we roamed through some of the principal parks and streets. We spent a couple of hours in Westminster Abbey. We had been there on former visits to London, but the interesting monuments in the interior of this splendid and venerable structure are worthy of being frequently inspected. One might learn more here about the nation's greatest warriors, poets, travellers, philosophers, preachers, and statesmen, in one hour, than in days of reading books. On the monument to the brothers John and Charles Wesley, we read these words, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." We saw the old chair that is

used on coronation occasions. We noted the monuments to Chaucer, Dryden, Milton, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, and Ben Jonson ; the monuments to Pitt, Fox, and Wilberforce ; and the monuments to Telford, Watt, Stephenson, and Dr. Livingstone.

ON TO OXFORD.

Leaving Paddington station at 2.15 p.m. we had a pleasant run to Oxford. We had a first-rate view of Windsor Castle, a noble pile of buildings on a prominent eminence. We passed through the town of Reading, at the very time the trial was going on of the poor misguided man who attempted to shoot Her Majesty. We were greatly interested during our sojourn in Oxford. A friend of ours is in the library of Balliol College. We may state that this promising young man was seen one day exploring the wonders of Westminster Abbey, when the late Dean Stanley, who had always a fatherly interest in young persons, met him and spoke to him. Being delighted with the lad, he invited him to his library. This was the beginning of the chain of circumstances that brought him to Oxford.

He took us through the library and showed us a number of very old manuscripts and books, including a copy of Luther's Bible. He also guided us to some of the other colleges, with their architectural peculiarities. We saw the following buildings—the Museum, Christ's Church, the Bodleian Library, Magdalen College, All Souls College, University College, and Queen's College. What is called Oxford University embraces some twenty colleges. We walked from end to end of the High Street, one of the finest streets in Europe for architectural embellishments. He told us that there were upwards of 2,600 students.

For hundreds of years Oxford has been a renowned seat of learning. Wickliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, studied there in the fourteenth century. During the reign of the "Bloody Mary," Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, died as martyrs there. Before returning to the temperance hotel, where we stayed for the night, we attended an evangelistic meeting. The hall was well filled, the singing was hearty, and the *addresses given* were pointed, solemn, and above all

evangelical. The unsaved were earnestly exhorted to decide for Christ, and without a moment's delay.

BIRMINGHAM.

On Thursday forenoon we travelled from Oxford to Birmingham, by Banbury and Leamington. We were met at the station by Mrs. Richard Tangye. This amiable lady was in our party of nineteen in Palestine in 1880. Her excellent husband would have been with us in the Holy Land had it not been for the dissolution of Parliament at that time. We were at Cairo when the news came that Parliament was dissolved, and so ardent a Liberal was he, that he at once determined to leave his lady to the care of some other friends in the party, and hasten home with all possible speed. By incessant travelling—at one place even engaging a special steamer—he reached Birmingham at 10 A.M. on the polling day, and was thus able to vote in that important election. We were invited by Mrs. Tangye to visit Birmingham at our earliest convenience, and now an opportunity had come.

We were driven in their carriage to their stately mansion-house about five miles from the town. We had only intended to spend a part of the day there, but their kindly remonstrance and superb hospitality constrained us to remain over night. We had a walk through the beautiful grounds, including the garden, the viuiery, and the conservatory. We must not forget to mention a tastefully-constructed fernery—the position of a number of mirrors have the magical effect of making you imagine the building was enormously large. In the evening we had the rare treat of inspecting his fine collection of Wedgwood ware, the purchasing of which cost many thousands of pounds. We saw one little vase worth £400. He is always adding to this unique collection.

Mr. Tangye's family consists of two daughters and four sons. The eldest son is named after Abraham Lincoln, and the youngest is named after Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Mr. Tangye belongs to the Society of Friends, and not only is he an exemplary follower of Jesus Christ, he is also a life-long abstainer from all alcoholic liquors. His home is often the resort of eminent

personages—only a few weeks before our visit, the right hon. John Bright was his guest. We had balmy sleep in the same grandly-furnished room where that distinguished statesman slept. We met Mrs. Tangye's sister from Cornwall. She was rusticating there for a few days after having been engaged along with her daughter in the laborious work of getting up a monster petition to Parliament in favour of closing the public-houses on Sunday. From the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons she had the gratification of seeing it presented. The petition had 120,330 signatures, measured 1,562 yards, weighed 74 pounds, and when rolled up was 67 inches in circumference.

AN INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY.

Richard Tangye was born in Cornwall in 1833. His father, who was a small farmer, had a reputation for sterling honesty and uprightness. When 19 years of age he saw a situation in Birmingham advertised, salary, £80. In his application he stated he did not think he was worth £80, but he would gladly discharge the duties for £50. What was the result? Mr. Wordsdell engaged him at once. He remained in that situation for four years, during which time his master's business increased to a large extent. We should have stated that when he left home his saintly mother gave him the text, "Make straight paths for thy feet." A dear old friend in Cornwall said to him, "Now, Richard, thou art going to a big, busy place. Remember, thou hast a peculiar name. It is not like Brown, Jones, or Robinson; but is like a city set on a hill—it cannot be hid. It is a good name, now keep it bright." The words of the worthy veteran made a deep impression on the young man.

In 1856, he and his two elder brothers commenced business on their own account. Being poor, they began at the bottom of the ladder. They rented a shop in Mount Street, for which they paid four shillings a week—including the use of a steam belt from a neighbouring workshop. Here they struggled with indomitable courage. It was their noble purpose to let no machines pass from their hands unless the workmanship could *stand an honest test*. One day they got an order for

hydraulic rams with which to launch the *Great Eastern*. That gigantic steamship could not be moved from the stocks by all the appliances that were then at hand. The rams from this humble workshop floated the great leviathan, and the fame of Tangye Brothers as skilled mechanicians soon floated over the seas and oceans of the world.

A few years ago Cleopatra's Needle was brought from Egypt to London. How was it raised into its present position on the Thames Embankment? In 1836 the Luxor obelisk was raised in Paris by 10 capstans worked by 480 men; and in 1878, John Dixon raised Cleopatra's Needle with four of Tangye's patent hydraulic jacks, worked by four men. The little spark has become a great fire, and the tiny rivulet has become a mighty river. The firm—Richard and George Tangye—have now in the outskirts of Birmingham a mammoth workshop with nearly 2,000 men. So much for the material side of their prosperity. What about the moral side? The firm takes a profound interest in the well-being of their employées. Dr. J. A. Langford delivers short lectures on important subjects twice a week during the dinner hour. A missionary—a converted man—spends his whole time among the different families connected with the work. Total abstinence as a duty is pressed on all. Intemperate workmen are not tolerated. The munificence of the brothers is magnificent. Recently they gave £10,000 for an Art Gallery in the town where the providence of Heaven has so signally smiled upon them. They have also contributed £10,000 for the erection of a school of art and design. They have established scholarships and given liberally to deserving public institutions. May the Lord bless and prosper them and theirs more and more is our sincere prayer.

OUR CONCLUDING STAGE.

At worship on Friday morning our esteemed host read the 121st Psalm with much humility and unction. He accompanied us in his carriage to the station. He gave us a cordial invitation to make his house our home whenever we were pleased to visit Birmingham. The journey to Liverpool by Wolverhampton, Wellington,

Shrewsbury, Ruabon (where there was some excitement owing to a strike of miners), Chester, and Birkenhead brought before us scenery truly lovely and picturesque. Some of the valleys and mountains of North Wales came under the sweep of our eye. Crossing the Mersey in one of the large ferry-steamers, afforded us the opportunity of calculating as to the vast dimensions of the shipping traffic at the port of Liverpool. We utilised the little time we had in viewing some of the chief buildings in this, the second largest city in the United Kingdom. When we went to the railway station and saw the word "Glasgow" on one of the carriages in the train, a thrill of pleasure was experienced. This pleasure was all the greater seeing that in our journeying since leaving home we had gone over some 3,500 miles. At 2.10 P.M. the train started. We passed Blackburn, Hellifield, Carlisle, Dumfries, and Kilmarnock, and reached the commercial metropolis of Scotland about 9 o'clock, not unthankful to our Heavenly Father for his manifold mercies.

ERRATUM.—On page 48, line 11, for "thesis" read "theses."



7













7

